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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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October Phantasy

ON October 14, 1777, General John Burgoyne, being hard pressed in the neighborhood of Saratoga, sent a message of virtual surrender wrapped in rhetoric to his opponent General Gates, by the hand of Major Kingston, "a well-formed, ruddy, handsome man who expatiated with taste and eloquence on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson river and the charms of the season."

Mr. F. J. Hudleston, who publishes this week his sprightly memoir of "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne," thinks that this is an excellent example of good old Anglo-Saxon poker-face phlegm. Transparent bluffing, we should call it, and yet if Major Kingston did not speak his whole mind, it was not just weather that served his turn. October on the Hudson and those lovely marches of New England through which Burgoyne had been pushing southward in the Autumn sunlight was a novelty to which an English gentleman even when harassed by skirmishes and forest hardships could not be oblivious. For October in England is proverbially brown as ale, a season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. And the October Major Kingston saw as he dodged an occasional bullet or rode into the brush to bring back a homesick Indian, was an exuberant month whose soft blue haze floated like veils about a brilliant beauty. Major Kingston had read, like every one else, Mr. Pope's pastorals, and it is not improbable that from his father's library table in Kent or Sussex he had picked up Mr. Thomson's "Seasons," so that, the beauties of the Hudson having smitten his susceptible fancy, he would have been ready with goddesses, shepherdesses, or abstractions, in case his proffered armistice was not well received, and it became necessary to discuss the Autumn weather in some detail. Yet certainly there had been nothing in his European experience to prepare him for such a carouse of nature, such an upsetting of the paint pots of the world, such a harmony of air, earth, and sky in a composition so sense provoking that it is questionable whether any art since the sculpture of the Greeks has so perfectly expressed life force in tranquility as our American Fall.

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There were canoe birches among the pines as Major Kingston led his horse over the new cut corduroy that smelt of fresh bark and brown swamp water, and the birches were blanched ivory in a mist of gold, and the pines of a green drenched in azure. In the lowlands by the road a perpetual fire of scarlet and crimson raced through the maples. When the partridges roared upward through the hawthorns and sumach, broken leaves of garnet and gold floated down like blood etherealized. The Major might have hit those brown birds on the wing as they curved sharply through the purple hickories and plumped into thickets of rosy dogwood, but for a novice it would have been hard shooting. The crude American loyalists popped off their heads with rifle bullets, but that was not sporting. The bright blood was no brighter than the leafy floor on which it fell.

Better to save a shot for the deer, that flung up white banners which many a greenhorn in the front rank had mistaken for a flag of truce, and bounded on winged ankles between the vast forest columns that arched on and on until the eye oppressed by gloom sought some terminal of light and did not find it but could see only hour after hour the white deer scuts flashing or a shambling bear, or, skulking from tree to tree, the painted Indians of the advance. It was a relief when the Hudson valley opened pleasantly in brown hay fields around General Schuyler's barns, and elms rusty yellow, and rural sights familiar to English eyes. Yet even here pagan October camped upon their heels, pines and birches vivid with flickering streamers of scarlet Virginia creeper peered over their stockades, while crooked lanes of goldenrod fringed with asters, lavender, purple, and blue, led toward the enemy.

The ruddy Major Kingston may well have been puzzled by the contrast between the land and its people. The Indians were right enough. They whisked from dirty skins into a bravery of paint and correspondent yelling, like the sassafras which one frost turned into a coat of many colors, or the

(*Continued on page* 168)

Crows

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

EARTH is raw with this one note,
This tattered making of a song,
Narrowed down to a crow's throat,
Above the willow-trees that throng
The crooking field from end to end.
Fixed as the sun, the grave, this sound;
Of what the weather has to spend
As much a part as sky or ground.

The primal yellow of that flower,
The tansy making August plain;
And the stored wildness of this hour
It sucks up like a bitter rain.

Miss it we would, were it not here,
Simple as water, rough as spring,
It hurls us at the point of spear,
Back to some naked, early thing.

Listen now. As with a hoof
It stamps an image on the gust;
Chimney by chimney a lost roof
Starts for a moment from its dust.

This Week

"Burlesque." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*

"The Light Reading of Our Ancestors." Reviewed by *Arnold Whitridge.*

"Uncle Joe Cannon." Reviewed by *Royal J. Davis.*

"Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley." Reviewed by *Walter S. Hayward.*

"A Prince of Outlaws." Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*

"Strange Woman." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"The Romantic Lady." Reviewed by *Percy Boynton.*

Next Week

FALL BOOK NUMBER

With this issue the *Saturday Review* will begin a department of rare books, fine books, and typography conducted by George Parker Winship, of the Widener Library, Harvard University, and Carl Rollins, of the Yale University Press.

Annals of American Culture*

By ALLAN NEVINS

BECAUSE American literary history is usually written without much attention to the environing social and economic forces, the deeper causes and the full significance of changes in its character are often missed. Its historians are fully cognizant of its relations with politics, and give sufficient analyses of the interaction of literature with the struggle for American independence, or the rise of Jacksonian democracy, or the slavery crisis. They are quite aware of the importance of such factors as intellectual intercourse with Germany in the days of Ticknor, Longfellow, and Bancroft. But this is not enough. Our literature must be placed against the background of the whole complex of national activities before many of its new phases and growths, its changes in subject-matter, outlook, and style, become thoroughly understandable. Of this fact there is no better illustration than the period just after the Civil War called the Reconstruction period; a period of reconstruction in not only the South and in national politics, but in agriculture, in business life, in manufacturing, in education, and in social activity.

* * *

These dozen years after Appomattox partly effected and partly confirmed the reconstruction of America from a fairly simple and uniform nation into a wonderfully complex, many-sided, and multifariously busy republic. The industrial revolution, made irresistible by the war, suddenly dominated the whole North. Society in this section was transformed from a predominantly rural organization, with a marked pioneer tinge, into a predominantly urban and industrial society. The lower South was turned upside down, with the negro ruling the white man, and then by a series of State convulsions was turned right side up again; this process being accompanied by such far-reaching social, economic, and industrial changes as Southerners had never dreamed of. A new West suddenly appeared. Railways before the war had halted at the Mississippi. Now they strode across the Missouri at a dozen points, reached the Rockies in half a dozen places, and threw one transcontinental span to the Pacific. Immigration before 1873, reached unprecedented heights. New industrial cities sprang up, with formidable problems of slums, transportation, public health, and Americanization. Politics fell into the hands of the carpetbagger, the ring boodler, and the clever grabber. In business it was the era of Fisk, Gould, and Daniel Drew. American life, good and bad, crude and refined, old and new, had a hundred new facets; the American people lived it more alertly, at a faster tempo.

This was the decade when legislatures created magic cities by fiat, like Lincoln, Nebraska, which was waving prairie one year, and the State capital, with a State university, the next; when land promoters built new Western centres like Wichita almost overnight; and when an Eastern village like Bridgeport bloomed into a smoking factory town, with the war-bloated Hotchkiss Company, the new Mallory Hat Company, the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, and the Simpson Waterproof Cloth Company, which had made trainloads of coats for the armies. Washing machines were being thrust into every home. Farmers were putting up windmills—just improved by the weathervane which turned the wheel into the wind—by the hundred thousand, and seizing upon Jacob Haish's

*This essay in slightly different form constitutes a chapter in Mr. Nevins's "The Emergence of Modern America," shortly to be issued by the Macmillan Company.

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invention of barbed wire. The first safety vaults were being built after a pattern made by Henry Lee Higginson, and burglars for the first time were using explosives to crack them. The cowboy and Texas longhorn were debouching upon the plains of Kansas and Nebraska, soon to carry the cattle range to the Canadian frontier; the Bavarian Jew named Nelson Morris and the Scotch-Yankee named Armour were organizing industries to place Western meat on tables all over the world. The Bessemer process was ushering in the steel age. While the first petroleum millionaires attracted attention on Fifth Avenue, the gold rush to Virginia City was building the wickedest town in the world over the Comstock Lode. Year after year unrest and reform reached deeper. A California editor, Henry George, was watching the operation of land monopoly in that State; angry Western farmers were forcing the first railway rate legislation past struggling lobbies; and an Eastern cigar-maker named Samuel Gompers was meditating a better union program than that of the Knights of Labor.

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Intellectually and socially, the process of urbanization was the dominant tendency of the times. The North and East was becoming more and more the home of a machine civilization. Its foods were more and more largely prepared by centralized industries—canned Oregon salmon, meats shipped from Chicago and Omaha packing-houses in the new refrigerator cars, Washburn's and Pillsbury's flour from the mills that suddenly sprang up in Minneapolis. Clothing also was now ready-made. The Civil War had put the great shoe-factories (made possible by McKay's inventions) and the men's garment factories (made possible by power cutters and sewing-machines) in a position to supply the cities with enormous quantities. European travelers marveled at the counters piled high with suits. Conveniences multiplied. The elevator was installed in new department stores like Lord and Taylor's; artificial ice was now familiar—New Orleans had it at $15 a ton; and concrete sidewalks appeared in all large cities. Great improvements were being carried through—Roebling's Brooklyn Bridge, begun in 1866; the Chicago cribs; the Eads bridge at St. Louis. Horsepower for urban transportation received its first heavy blow when New York pushed its elevated railroad, with the steam locomotives which Howells admired, up to Thirtieth Street in 1870. The first apartment houses—"French flats"—arose. The need for quicker urban communication challenged the inventor. In 1875 a Milwaukean named Sholes was patiently marketing his first crude typewriters; and on a hot June afternoon of that year Alexander Graham Bell, toiling in Salem over a complicated mechanism, heard a faint twang come over the wire—the birth cry of the telephone. Within a few years two of the most familiar of urban sounds were to be the ring of the telephone bell and the click of the typist's key.

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This urbanization, and this increased variety of national activities, set their marks upon the national mind. The broad outlines of the change were indicated by E. L. Godkin of the *Nation* in an editorial of 1868, in which he rejoiced over a larger, fuller, quicker life than before the war. Education was better diffused, new ideas had sprung from conflict, the growth of wealth had brought new refinements, and the sectional variations in American life were stimulating. Americans, he wrote, "are far less raw and provincial than their fathers; they have seen more, they have read more, they have mixed more with people of other nationalities, they have thought more and had to think more, they have spent more for ideas and given more away." Godkin was caustic in denouncing the shoddier phases of national life, and coined for them an admirable phrase—"chromo civilization." The idea that a $15 Rogers group called "Courtship in Sleepy Hollow" was a work of art was a mark of chromo civilization. So was the insistence upon giving every hotel and steamboat a gilt monstrosity called a bridal suite. So was the action of Plymouth Church, the day when Beecher came to trial for his alleged intimacy with Mrs. Tilton, in sending flowers to the courtroom—"like placing wreaths about the open manhole of a sewer." But Godkin perceived the greater quickness, interest, and breadth of the daily life of Americans back of these surface defects. The first professional baseball leagues were being organized and the first athletic clubhouses built. The first art museums were being opened in New York, Boston, and Washington. Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas were making the symphony orchestra a national institution. America's first really great architect, the Louisianian H. H. Richardson, was reaching his stride. Travel, the infallible mark of an urban civilization, was increasing. Henry James's fine study of a Middle Westerner seeking culture abroad, "The American," was a work of the 'seventies.

In the broad reconstruction of American culture, the element which looms up most massively across the decades is unquestionably the renaissance of the universities. The best of them had been, as Bryce said of Harvard, very feeble, narrow, and uncertain. McCosh declared that most of the equipment at Princeton was not good enough to be burnt. If we turn to the autobiographies of Henry Cabot Lodge, G. Stanley Hall, and Brander Matthews, we find three scorching indictments, in almost identical terms, of the instruction at Harvard, Williams, and Columbia. But in the space of a decade a far-reaching revolution was wrought. Charles W. Eliot reorganized Harvard, raised its standards, added new departments, stopped the medical school from turning out man-killers, and with Langdell's aid placed legal education upon a modern basis. The founding of Cornell under Andrew D. White struck an even heavier blow at the deadly old-style classical education, and gave a fair trial to a dozen innovations, from the visiting lectureship to coeducation. The Morrill Act, creating the land-grant universities, placed technological education upon a basis equaled nowhere else in the world. The first three women's colleges—Vassar, Wellesley, Smith—appeared almost simultaneously, and Smith had standards equaling those of any men's college. The graduate school made its American debut in 1871 at Yale, and in 1872 Harvard provided for the Ph.D. degree; while as a crowning step, four years later the Johns Hopkins University was opened in Baltimore, amply endowed, and devoted primarily to research and the training of scholars. It was such a reawakening in higher education as the nation is never again likely to see; and in the general field of science it was matched by the intense interest aroused by Darwin's books, by the lectures of Huxley and Tyndall, and by the forthright teachings of John Fiske, E. L. Youmans, and other evolutionary enthusiasts.

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But there were other factors which had a more immediate effect upon literary activity. Much might be said of the striking reorganization of the old-time lyceum effected by an erstwhile free-soil agitator, James Redpath, who took what was a mere chaotic jumble, and by the simple expedient of attaching all the lyceum luminaries, from Beecher, Curtis, Schuyler Colfax, and Tom Nast down, to a bureau, quadrupled their fees and their audiences. Much might be said of the surprising success of the publishers in selling popular books by subscription—Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," of which 125,000 copies were distributed in three years, Greeley's autobiography, Bryant's "Picturesque America," and so on. A good deal could be written of the new publishing houses like Henry Holt's, which achieved a secure footing by the success of a translation of Taine's "English Literature." Great new public libraries were established: one in Chicago by the merchant Walter Newberry, and one in Philadelphia by the bequest of Dr. James Rush. The newspapers expanded with the aid of the more and more powerful Associated Press, the new European cable, and a telegraph system which was doubled and trebled immediately after the war. But the greatest single literary influence was the establishment of both new magazines and new magazine standards. Four monthlies, *Scribner's* (later the *Century*), *Lippincott's*, the *Galaxy*, and the *Overland* were founded almost simultaneously; another, *Putnam's*, was revived; and the *Nation* came forward (surviving the *Round Table*) to exert an unparalleled force in the field of criticism.

It was these magazines which made literature, for the first time in American history, a profitable economic undertaking for a really considerable body of writers. Before the Civil War only a few outstanding figures like Cooper and Irving, as Lowell once remarked in a London speech, had been able to make a living by the pen. Now the new periodicals, joined with the lecture bureau, brought prosperity within the reach of many hands. As George Haven Putnam points out in his life of his father, the cost of contributions went up with a rush. Authors a decade earlier had been content with three to five dollars a page; Thomas Bailey Aldrich had been glad to contribute to *Every Saturday* for nothing. Now they demanded at least ten to twenty dollars a page, while for special contributions they asked much more. The *Atlantic* had to meet the competitive pace of *Scribner's* and the *Galaxy;* and when it published Mark Twain's seven articles dealing with "Life on the Mississippi," an unsurpassed picture of a river civilization that was already dying, it paid a new rate of two and a half cents a word for them. The same monthly seized at the coattails of Bret Harte, arriving from the Far West in the firsh flush of his fame, with an offer of $10,000 a year for whatever he might write. To meet these payments, magazines fell back upon a new resource—advertising. Until these years, no American monthly had advertised anything but the books of its own publisher, and even in the 'seventies *Harper's* refused, with an air of Roman virtue, $18,000 for a year's use of the back page by a sewing-machine company. Now, led by *Scribner's*, they made their advertising pages pay them a generous revenue.

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Now, also, the magazines turned to an exploitation of the material presented by the new sections of the West, the changes of the South, the multiplication of social facets, the enthusiastic reform movements like equal suffrage which had gained strength the moment the national preoccupation with slavery was removed. Here *Scribner's* once more led the way. Under J. G. Holland, a graduate of the efficient school of the *Springfield Republican*, it undertook to inform and lead public opinion upon politics, sectional development, religion, art, and social ideals. Holland advocated not merely civil service reform and religious liberalism, but international copyright, kindergarten instruction, tenement house improvement, and a milder Southern policy. In his pages was struck faintly the note which was to be trumpeted by the muckraking monthlies at the turn of the century. Such a series of articles as Edward King's on "The Great South" at the opening of the 'seventies was a new phenomenon in magazine writing. But since *Scribner's* was slow to grasp the best methods for the discussion of ideas, its outstanding services to the Reconstruction decade were in art—where it enlisted A. W. Drake, Timothy Cole, and T. L. De Vinne—and above all, in fiction. It showed its keen instinct for the future when it discarded long English serials and gave encouragement to every original young voice in American letters, it was shortly publishing the work of Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Edward Eggleston, G. W. Cable, and Thomas Nelson Page. It became the foremost patron of new authors and especially of new sectional voices. In a few years it was boasting that seven contributions by Southerners had appeared in a single issue. As the *Atlantic* came under the influence of another journalist and a Middle Westerner, Howells, it turned more strongly toward the same policy.

For the first time, so great had the country grown, there was a truly large audience for fiction and poetry presenting novel phases of life in different sections. For the first time, moreover, each section had writers who brought high talents to the task. Viewed as a social phenomenon, the rise of a powerful Western literature was a natural result of the overrunning of that section by highly literate men who found a tempting reward in money and fame for its fictional exploitation. The frontier had been settled by what Whitman called powerful uneducated persons, and those who won an education had turned naturally, like Lincoln, to the law and politics. Now it was full of figures like John Hay, a graduate of Brown; Bret Harte, the son of a professor of Greek in Albany Seminary; and Mark Twain, who had a fair common-school education and an excellent training in printing offices—not merely country offices, but those of St. Louis and Philadelphia dailies. The instant and brilliant success of Bret Harte showed how glittering the prizes had become. A typesetter and journalist in San Francisco, he became editor in 1868 of the *Overland Monthly*, which was planned to be the *Atlantic* of the Far West, and which, with its fresh reflection of life beyond the Rockies and its high stylistic merit, was pronounced by Englishmen to take rank with the best periodicals of the world. In the very second issue Harte captivated the reading public of America by "The Luck of Roaring Camp." A multitude of opportunities opened before him, and

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his journey east in 1871 to seize them was a triumphal progress.

The same new incentives existed for writers of the South—incentives totally unknown before the war. Western literature, including "Roughing It," "Pike County Ballads," and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," had a quality of universality, for once the East had been West too; but in the South the 'seventies brought a burst of local color writing of distinctive sort. George W. Cable, a studious young accountant of New Orleans, published his first story, "Sieur George," in *Scribner's* in the autumn of 1873, and rapidly followed it with others. In the Centennial year *Scribner's* began the publication of Irwin Russell's amusing poems in Negro dialect, continued till after the death of the dissipated author four years later. The Negro had stepped upon the stage beside the Creole, and the old Southern gentlefolk were about to assume a place with them. Thomas Nelson Page in the late 'seventies sent *Scribner's* his "Marse Chan," a story of eastern Virginia, a family feud, and two lovers united by death, which threw a glow of autumnal romance over the old slaveholding aristocracy. Meanwhile, Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) had discovered the Appalachians as a field for fiction, and had brought them to general attention by "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove" and later stories in the *Atlantic*. The new social frontiers in the South, the adventures of economic and educational reconstruction, found a historian in Constance Fenimore Woolson. Her tales of Florida, the Carolinas, and Georgia just after the war, collected in "Rodman the Keeper," gave the North its first detailed picture of the altered conditions of life in this region. Her writings were akin to those of the Westerners who treated picturesque new developments, while the other Southerners, treating of passing or decaying phases of society, were akin rather to such New England local colorists as Sarah Orne Jewett in "Deephaven" and Howells in "The Lady of the Aroostook."

Every one of the multitudinous new impulses in the national life left a certain mark upon literature. The new social problems of the crowded cities brought forth the important social studies of Charles Loring Brace and R. L. Dugdale. The exploration of the West brought the wonderfully vivid writings of Clarence King, who somehow never fulfilled his early promise, John Muir's "Sierra Studies" (1874-75), and the first essays of Bandelier. From the new vigor of the universities, and the interest aroused by the Centennial celebrations, sprang a remarkable school of historians, fully evident when McMaster published his first volume in 1883. Railway buccaneering and the new railway problems gave us a minor classic both of economics and of outlaw adventure in Henry and Charles Francis Harris's "Chapters of Erie." The American drama, in spite of Mark Twain's and Bret Harte's attempts, remained mediocre or worse. Still, even it labored to mirror the changing conditions and the new issues of the times, as "The Gilded Age" and "The Almighty Dollar" showed in their satire of speculation and politics, and Augustin Daly in his picture of frontier life called "Horizon" and his study of new marriage problems in "Divorce." It was not an accident that the first group of really able American literary critics, headed by Lowell, and the *Nation*, edited by Lowell's intimate friend and correspondent Godkin, appeared upon the scene together.

All of American life, and not merely the political and social structure of the South, underwent a reconstruction in the dozen years after the Civil War; and American culture was renovated even more thoroughly than American business, which boomed so enormously in the first years of peace and then was so drastically disciplined and purified by the depression after 1873. It became a really national culture. All its elements overflowed their old bounds. What was in some respects the most progressive university was as far west as Ann Arbor; what was in some ways the best magazine was as far west as San Francisco; the best reading public was perhaps that of the Middle West, and a large group of the best writers were below Mason and Dixon's line. No longer could literature be regarded as a product of New England, New York, and their loyal colonists. It could no longer be regarded as the expression of a simple and well-unified social and economic life; it had become as varied, complex, and rapid as the whole abounding national scene, and to understand it, we have to understand the changes in that scene.

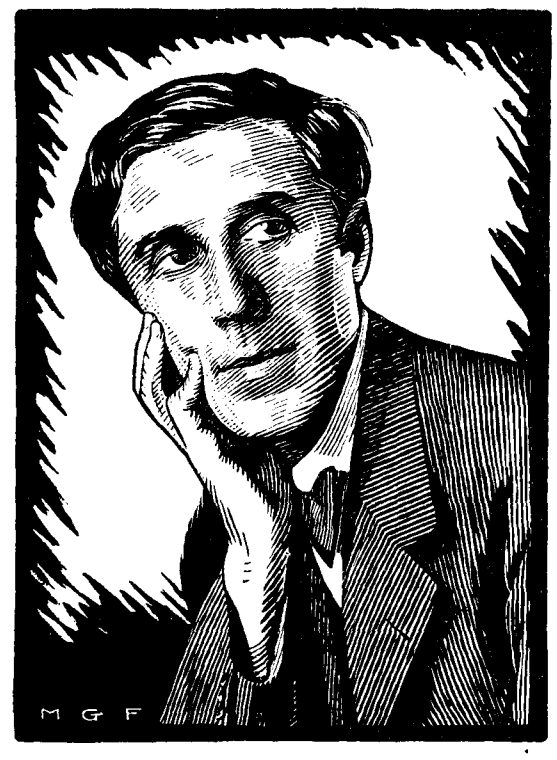
The Play of the Week

Reviewed from the script by OLIVER M. SAYLER

"BURLESQUE." By GEORGE MANKER WATTERS and ARTHUR HOPKINS. The Plymouth Theatre, New York. First presented on September 1, 1927.

[*This is the first in a series of reviews of current plays of literary merit, reviewed from the script of the play itself, and criticized as oral literature, living upon the stage. The plays to be reviewed will be carefully selected for their excellence (or pretentiousness) as dramatic literature, and will be criticized not as closet drama but as writing for the stage which must depend for success upon the hazards of the theatre.—The Editor.*]

IN the fervid re-examination of esthetic categories, which involves the entire world of art today, it seems to me that we have ignored one of the most unhealthy antipathies conferred upon us by the psychology which has held Anglo-Saxon thought in leash since the Puritan eruption: the antipathy between the theatre and literature. Proponents of the theatre suspect literary intrusion; advocates of literature grudge literary importance to acted drama. Dramatic literature is a stepchild of the stage; literary or closet drama is a bastard coddled by literature, anæmic through lack of natural contact with its outcast theatric parent. Have we



HUMBERT WOLFE

(See, A London Letter, by Louis Untermeyer, page 178)

forgotten that the word underlies all literary expression; that the spoken word was the genesis of drama; that the word still lies at the heart of the theatre—whether the word as recognized literary art in the plays of Synge or O'Neill, or the poet's synopsis of a ballet plot? The drama has perversely foresworn either the one or the other of its parents and it will reach new peaks or reclaim those lost in a distant past only if it aims to become sound literature and at the same time sound theatre. I propose, therefore, to survey a series of plays from our contemporary stage in the light of their merit as oral literature—literature conditioned by the purely theatrical expedients of its vocal delivery or visual enactment on a stage.

"Burlesque," by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins, has arrived most propitiously to introduce this series. Propitiously, for I believe that here is an example of sound literature as well as sound theatre, an example which, if encouraged and appreciated, may bear rich fruit. And propitious, too, because the literary values of the play must be sought beneath a vivid and colorful theatrical exterior—a search that may throw light on the unique function literature serves in the theatre.

Most visitors to the Plymouth will sense at least vaguely that here, in this rowdy, salty, poignant, and even wistful tale of a burlesque comedian and his wife, is something more than just another instance of a play about players, of the theatre within the theatre. We are immersed today in a flood of this most venerable type of dramatic situation—"Broadway," "The Play's the Thing," "The Barker," "The Wild Man of Borneo," "The Shannons of Broadway." The "something more" in "Burlesque" crystallizes, takes shape, looms, in reading the manuscript. From beneath the flash and lustre of its exotic, wanton, make-believe exterior, emerges a simple, homely, true thread-narrative of two strands—one man and one woman and their interplay on one another. Written substantially, powerfully, sympathetically into line and situation and characterization, this theme is a steady stream of life to the play, the unseen source of the sense of "difference" which it imposes on its audience.

Divested of the glamorous sights and sounds of actual performance, *motifs*, and harmonies which, in the form of stage directions stir even the theatre-bred faintly, "Burlesque" is the story of Skid, the comedian, impersonal, gregarious, and unfaithful as a rabbit; and his wife and fellow-player, Bonny, whose nature craves the one man for whom to sacrifice, to whom to be true. Enduring all so long as she feels she is needed, she grasps at a life of her own when the need seems to be past, only to be drawn back, at first instinctively, then overtly and passionately, to face the dilemma of independence or further sacrifice.

Here, then, is no specious structure of melodramatic incident, efficacious trickery, or cardboard puppets. Instead, an absorbingly human knot of two sharply and veraciously drawn souls who attract, repel, stimulate, repress, complement, destroy one another:—Lovers and Enemies, in the title phrase of Artzibasheff's pitiful and sardonic play recently presented by the old Neighborhood Playhouse group at the Little Theatre. In speech that is racy and stenographic, realistically representative and at the same time symbolically evocative, they lay bare their inmost selves against an equally veracious background of lesser figures.

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This literary embryo, next, has been taken by Mr. Hopkins into the theatre; clothed in the sights and sounds and gestures redolent of the daily life of Skid and Bonny; endowed by the rays of light, the magic of music, and the revealing eloquence of authentic costumes and furnishings with the verisimilitude of life; and kindled into the mysterious glow of life itself, presented directly without interposing medium by the personality of the players—Hal Skelly, Barbara Stanwyck, and their associates. No gratuitous atmosphere here. Merely the significant. The strains of the orchestra when the dressing room door opens. Skid's falls as he does his tumbling act on the stage above. The undercurrent of popular songs through that hot, restless, and ominous second act. The climax of mad perversity on which the act curtain falls, compounded of voice, visage, and plastic body in frenzied abandon—Niobe in the mask of Pantaloon.

Sometimes the simplest detail will provide a clue to an entire philosophy of life. So here. Take, for example, the affirmative "yeah," generously sprinkled through the manuscript with disheartening monotony. Where tools are few, their uses are protean. These two slurred syllables from the constricted vocabulary backstage convey, on the tongues of Mr. Hopkins' players, thrice as many meanings as a Chinese word in its varying tonalities: assent, dissent, doubt, bravado, scorn, expectation, disappointment, despair, resignation. It is for reasons to which this is a clue that the literary content of drama is inert until it has been kissed to life by the purely theatrical expedients of the stage. Drama is not only oral but visual literature—the word winging through space direct to its goal, superbly independent of the mechanical media of letters and ink and paper.

You may infer, if you like, that "Burlesque" does not read with the excitement and emotional appeal it exerts on the stage. But just because it does not read as well as it plays is no indictment of it as literature. I advance the hypothesis that no play that fully achieves the union of literature and the theatre can read as well as it plays. Shall we find in our survey that this hypothesis is true or false?

George Russell (A. E.), one of the giants of the Irish Renaissance in nationality as well as literature, a poet, a critic, an economist, and a statesman, is coming for the first time to America in February of 1928. He is editor of the excellent *Irish Statesman*. With Yeats and Shaw and Sir Horace Plunkett he belongs to one of the most interesting and really effective social groups of our times. Mr. Russell will lecture in several of the American universities and go probably as far west as California.

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The English Novel

THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS. By Lord Ernle. New York: Brentano's. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by Arnold Whitridge

"THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS" is an engaging but somewhat deceptive title. The reader expects to find the ephemeral literature of the past resuscitated for his delectation in all its original freshness, whereas what he actually gets is a sober, chronological history of the English novel. Forty years ago when the idea first occurred to Lord Ernle to write such a book it would have been invaluable, but since then the development of English fiction has been traced and retraced by a host of scholars. From the Milesian Tales to the Waverley Novels is a period of two thousand years, and the author who attempts to cover that period, as Lord Ernle does, in a book of three hundred-odd pages necessarily has to confine himself to a bare statement of facts. The student of English literature who has been looking for a sane, well-balanced record of the growth of the English novel can now be satisfied, but if he wants more than that, if he wants creative criticism and interpretation he must look elsewhere.

The author sets out with the naïve assumption that the novelist's trade needs to be defended. "No protests," he says, "have ever convinced the nation that its life is not immeasurably more enriched than impoverished by prose fiction." Lord Ernle will not find many people to argue the point with him, but as he goes on to explain, the novel has not always been in such good standing. According to Plutarch, a copy of the Milesian tales of Aristides was found in the "fardle or trusse" of a Roman soldier on the battlefield of Carrhæ. This gave the Parthians "great cause to scorne and despise the behaviour of the Romans which was so far out of order that even in the warres they could not refrain from . . . the reading of such vile bookes." Just how vile the Milesian Tales were we shall never know as no vestige of them remains, but if they were anything like the story of Cupid and Psyche, which Apuleius called a Milesian tale, the Roman legionary must have been a man of discerning literary taste.

Beginning with Greek prose romances such as the story of Theagenes and Chariclea, which so fascinated Racine that he learned the book by heart, the author traces the germ of the novel through Petronius and Apuleius to the *chansons de geste* and the medieval romances of chivalry. Throughout this survey he emphasizes the aristocratic origins of the novel and pays little attention to such plebeian ancestors as the *fabliau* or the Gesta Romanorum. And yet if a modern novelist were to turn back to the "Canterbury Tales" he would probably admit, if he were honest, that his art owed as much to the racy vulgarity of the Miller's Tale as to the Knight's story of Palamon and Arcite. The author acknowledges as much when he comes to explain the gap in the development of the novel between the first tentative efforts at fiction of the Elizabethan Age and the glorious fruition of the eighteenth century. Why is it that "Jack Wilton" (1594), a realistic picture of contemporary life if there ever was one, had to wait one hundred and thirty years for "Moll Flanders". (1721)? During that long interval Mrs. Aphra Behn is the only English novelist of any account, and her extravagant romances are utterly alien to English soil and English manners. It was because writers only gradually realized "that life must be, not merely invented or imagined, transcended or degraded, but observed, copied, and reproduced as faithfully as their means allowed."

That is sound doctrine and it provides the clue to Lord Ernle's only approach to criticism. Truth to the whole truth of life is the touchstone by which he tests every novelist. In the preface he tells us "the slow recovery of that touch of reality which thrills us in the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' or in the story of Lancelot and Guinevere is what I have tried to trace." He traces it through Madame de la Fayette's "Princesse de Clèves," in which for the first time since the Arthurian romances the hopeless passion of a married woman becomes the theme of a novel. Hitherto heroes and heroines were always unmarried and the reader knew that as soon as they reached the altar the story was over. He reverts to it again in his discussion of "Pilgrim's Progress," which rather unexpectedly he hails as the first English novel. For the same reason he pays homage to Jane Austen. It is not so much her quiet irony that impresses him as her patient observation of life. This is all very well, but how far does it actually take us? Every novelist is true to life as he sees it. The touch of reality is as unmistakably evident in Smollett's vociferous sailors as in Henry James's diffident Americans. The child who devours fairy tales or detective stories is convinced that such things are true to life, otherwise he would not read about them.

It is perhaps absurd to quarrel with an author about a book he has not even attempted to write. So many histories of fiction have appeared recently that we had hoped that "The Light Reading of Our Ancestors" might prove something different from what it is. Why do literary tastes change? Why does the light reading of one generation so often become the heavy reading of the next? It is easier to speculate about these things than to attempt an answer, and Lord Ernle apparently does not care for speculation. He has all the admirable qualities of a competent guide, but somehow we had expected a less business-like companion—someone who would stop to gossip by the wayside instead of pushing on relentlessly to his destination.

Kant and the Moral Law

KANT'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Clement C. J. Webb. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $4.25.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

EVERYONE knows that the two particular objects of Kant's admiration were the starry heavens without and the moral law within. His choice was undoubtedly judicious, although a trifle exclusive. But even the starry heavens are omitted in his philosophy of religion. He held that the traditional arguments for a First Cause, even if acceptable, which they aren't, could prove only the existence of a Supreme Being, powerful but not necessarily good. To the arguments based on the evidences of purpose in the universe he did indeed at first accord some weight, although he never regarded them as conclusive. In his curious gnarled and twisted way he at one time found an impressive example of God's handiwork in the example of two sparrows that in a hard season cast out some of their young from the nest. "For there was a deviation from the general instinct to tend the offspring when it was necessary, if all were not to perish, to sacrifice some in the interest of the rest." But before the end of his life he came to see that the creator of this shabby world must be an immortal intelligence rather than a God to be worshipped.

Really satisfactory evidence for the existence of the God in whom he instinctively believed could only, he thought, be found in the moral law. Religion he defined simply as the recognition of all our duties as divine commands. In his "Religion within the Limits of Mere Reason," published three years after the last of the three Critiques, he vigorously attacked the idea of what he called "court duties," special duties such as prayer and the sacraments supposed to be owing to God over and above our duties to our fellow-men. In this work he still tried to harmonize his conception of God with orthodox theological dogma, by the familiar process of "reinterpreting" the latter, but in the fragmentary "Opus Postumum," left unfinished at his death, and only recently made accessible to modern scholars, he quite frankly identified God with the moral law. "God is not a Being outside of me, but merely a thought within me. God is the morally practical Reason giving laws to itself."

Professor Clement Webb, after an admirably clear exposition of Kant's philosophy of religion, rightly criticizes his contempt for mysticism and ritual. But this contempt need not have accompanied Kant's thought but for his narrowly Protestant conception of the moral law. Conscience, regarded as the voice of one's ideal self,—a view toward which Kant struggled but which he never really attained,—is not without its intellectual, esthetic, and even naturalistic affiliations. But there was a certain hard analytic quality in his nature which, despite the evidence of facts and all the philosophy of Greece, forced upon him an abstract and inhuman conception of virtue. Thus he held that "our moral sentiment is offended by the spectacle of Happiness without Virtue,"—a churchish view, akin to the medieval conception that the saints in Heaven have their happiness enhanced by viewing the torments of the damned in Hell. Nor was he free from the self-deception which usually attends abstract views of virtue. When the King of Prussia complained of his "Religion within the Limits of Mere Reason" he wrote "I . . . most solemnly declare, as your Majesty's most faithful subject, that I henceforth will refrain altogether from all public utterances . . . on the subject of religion." To his own memorandum he confided, "Silence, in a case like the present, is the duty of a subject. . . . And in my defence the expression I used was intentionally so limited, that in the event of the Monarch dying before me, as I should then become the subject of his successor, I could again enter upon my freedom to think." This pitiful quibbling is the plunge from the sublime to the ridiculous which is inevitable, even in a Kant, whenever the categorical imperative of duty is divorced from the even stronger categorical imperative of fact.

October Phantasy

(*Continued from page* 165)

scarlet-flaming oaks, so furtive and wild by comparison with their meadowed English cousins, yet so blatant in October.

As for the natives—that was a queer relationship. The loyalists were so anxious to be reckoned good Englishmen that what they knew of America they were ashamed to admit. But the rebel Yankees must have puzzled him. He had seen them on scouts, as prisoners, and on his embassies to frontier posts. He was to see more of them on the march back to Boston of the beaten army. They were at home in this gaudy wilderness, could glide noiselessly over the leaf carpet, shoot the scutted deer on the bound, trot on a path that wound through the Autumn glories on what seemed an air route so little was the soil disturbed. As much as the Indian they were at home in their America. And yet he observed, and his Hessian colleagues in imprisonment were to comment upon it also in the books they wrote upon the Americans, that a sober simplicity was the characteristic of these frontier men. Officers and troops seemed all to have come from some common environment in which a reliable completion of the day's job was the realized ideal. When General Stark beat the Germans at Bennington, Congress voted him a complete suit of clothes and a piece of linen. Admirable common sense in a gift to a man who had fought all day in warm October! These fellows seemed all to be farmers, and their officers lawyers, or (like Arnold) shopkeepers. They drank to be sure, but sang chiefly psalms, knew not the meaning of the word elegance, made fun of Gentleman Johnny's ornate style as containing more words than sense; indeed were the simplest, drabbest set of commonsense folk imaginable. They were practical, thrifty, indifferent to beauty (judging from their clothes and their gardens), a cold, calculating, no-chance-taking lot.

How, Major Kingston may have reflected, can the extreme prosaicness of this people be reconciled with the savage beauties of their environment (if it had been the War of 1812, he would have said "with the romance of their environment")? How can a pedestrian race live in the midst of such an October? What will they be like when a hundred and fifty years of this potent nature has warmed their fancies as the blue Mediterranean warmed Italy and Greece? Either, said he, exercising that gift for anachronism which all heroes possess at moments of crisis,—either they will reduce nature to their own drabness, or the American Autumn, which they name Fall, strangely, since in it a superabundance of ungarnered vitality wastes away in splendor, this American October will fertilize their spirit with something which only some civilized equivalent of the Indian's war paint will express.

After a century and a half the philosophical are still wondering which.

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Uncle Joe's Story

UNCLE JOE CANNON. The Reminiscences of a Pioneer American as Told to L. White Busbey. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

ONE of my early recollections is of sitting on the edge of the platform in the village "armory" with the other boys, dangling my feet, while our Congressman, who had come the sixteen miles that separated us from the county seat, Danville, declaimed to our elders about the glories of the tariff. That was my first sight, so far as I know, of the man whom everybody called Joe Cannon. He was not "Uncle Joe" then or for a good while afterward, but he must have been serving his sixth or seventh term in Congress, and he had established himself pretty solidly with the voters of the half dozen Illinois counties which composed his district and of which his own Vermilion—and ours—was the most important.

It was thirty years before I saw him again. This time I looked down from the press gallery of the House of Representatives upon a figure that, despite its crown of white, was too human to be venerable. In that thirty years he had become "Uncle Joe," one of the nation's most conspicuous and picturesque personages; he had served four times as Speaker, a record which had had no parallel since the days of Henry Clay, and he had been the centre of the storm of Insurgency which stripped the Speakership of its autocratic powers but which, while it ended "Cannonism," recoiled from the further step of supplanting the Speaker himself.

* * *

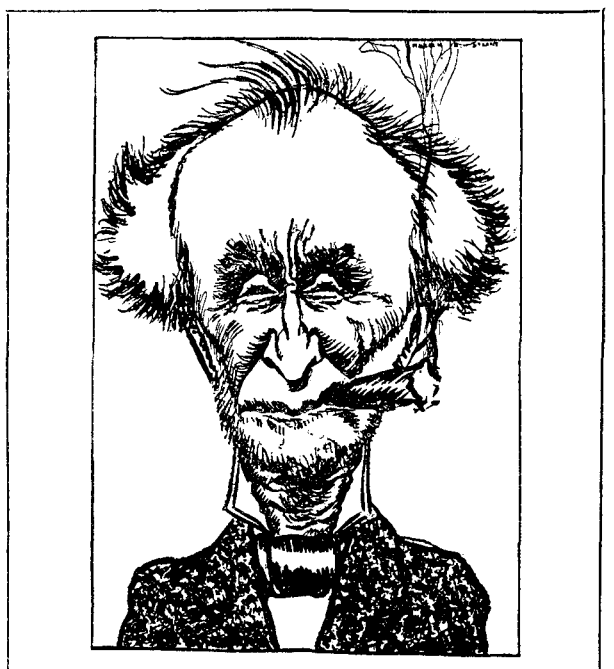
Uncle Joe could no more have written his autobiography than he could have organized a third party, and for the same reason—because it went against his very instincts. Yet essentially the thing has been done. If the volume whose sub-title describes it as "the reminiscences of a pioneer American" is not the first example of the paradox of an autobiography written by somebody else, it has the distinction of being frankly just that and in addition is a most successful achievement. It is more remarkable than others of its kind, for to some extent its story is told, not at second but at third hand. Cannon's secretary, L. White Busbey, died before the manuscript was ready for the press, and Mrs. Busbey completed the book. Yet it is impossible to distinguish the work of the designer from that of the finisher, and the whole reads like the veritable words of Uncle Joe himself, as in large measure it actually is.

The book has a triple interest: it sketches the primitive civilization of well-nigh a century ago in the Middle West, it traces the career of one of that section's outstanding personages, and it presents the political creed of the "regular."

How primitive were conditions in Hoosierdom when Uncle Joe's father set his family down on the Wabash after the long trek from North Carolina—Uncle Joe did not move to Illinois until he had studied law—may be judged by a single circumstance. The Cannon home boasted a rag carpet made by Mrs. Cannon. This carpet "created some jealousy and the suspicion that mother had 'aristocratic' tendencies." The future Speaker's reading reminds one of Lincoln's: "I had to read the Bible through every year from the time I was nine years old until I was fifteen" (no wonder that he could match quotations with any clergyman he ever met). "I read and reread Shakespeare, and Rollins's 'History,' 'Æsop's Fables' and 'Plutarch's Lives.'" The vigorous criticism which some of the later chapters voice concerning political irregularity in general and Roosevelt in particular makes no stronger appeal to one's attention than does the picture of the scenes of Cannon's boyhood.

In the account of his career Uncle Joe tells a Lincoln story which apparently is new. No date is given, but sometime after Lincoln became President his stepmother was charged with stealing a piece of calico from the village store in Charleston. As State's Attorney Cannon had the disagreeable duty of prosecuting the case. He went to see Mrs. Lincoln, was convinced that, as she explained, she had taken the calico home to see whether it matched some she had bought before, and arranged "a little conspiracy" with the judge to wipe the charge off of the records. There is no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of this story. Cannon's recital of the famous Insurgent revolt against him as Speaker in 1910, however, is a thoroughly partisan presentation. The most sensational bit in his book is his accusation that Roosevelt invented a telegram supposed to have been sent by John D. Rockefeller to several leading Senators, showed "copies" to the Washington correspondents, and thus obtained the passage of the legislation which the "telegram" opposed.

Uncle Joe had no apologies to make for his political creed, which was one of strict party regularity. "The only thoroughly impartial man," he said once, "is a dead man." A touch of anger gives a spicier interest to the expression of his political faith with which he closes the chapter on his battle with the Insurgents: "It's a damned good thing to remember in politics to stick to your party and never attempt to buy the favor of your enemies at the expense of your friends." If his "autobiography" reveals few political secrets, it has the fascination attaching to the story of a country lad who not only reached one of the highest places in the nation but also achieved the rarer distinction of becoming a "character."



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON
A caricature from L. White Busbey's biography.

The Victorian World

LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY. 1849-1863. Edited by the Dean of Windsor and HECTOR BOLITHO. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD
Harvard University

DAUGHTER of the Earl of Elgin of Parthenon marble fame, sister-in-law of the poet Frederick Locker, wife of the famous Dean Stanley of Westminster, lady-in-waiting and confidential friend of Queen Victoria, the Lady Augusta Stanley was in a position to know what went on in Victorian England. Before she was married, and while she was plain Lady Augusta Bruce, she entered the service of the Duchess of Kent, mother to the Queen, and after the death of the Duchess, became lady-in-waiting to Victoria herself. During all these years she wrote constantly to her younger sister, Lady Frances Baillie, and it is selections from these letters which the latter's son, the Dean of Windsor, has presented in this volume.

To read these letters makes one believe that, after all, there may be something in the term "Victorian," hard as it is to define. Certainly there is a great gulf between Lady Augusta's world and ours. Hers was a staid and solid world, which moved slowly, decorously, orderly. Royalty, nobility, and gentlefolk had special positions in society, which apparently God had had something to do with, although there is nothing definite said about it. Everybody, however, knew his or her proper place and kept it.

Nobody was intended to see these letters beyond the recipient. They are preëminently family correspondence. If the subjects are constantly of interest, it is because Lady Augusta was in the center of things, and wrote about what went on around and about her. Couple descriptive ability with a sense of humor and even a super-profound devotion to the royal family cannot divest the book of interest. What though she does talk constantly of the "Dear Queen," the "Dear Duke," and "Dear Prince Arthur"? what though she does capitalize "She" and "Her" whenever the Queen is mentioned, or use italics and capitals plentifully for emphasis? This does not subdue her own personality or detract from the picture of society which she draws.

The Duchess of Kent treated Lady Augusta more like a daughter than a retainer; the youthful princes and princesses regarded her as their special friend; and all these affections were returned. This appears abundantly in the letters. The descriptions of the deaths of the Duchess of Kent and of Prince Albert, the day by day account of their struggle for life, in particular have a quality of vivid reality. Especially does Lady Augusta see the effect of Albert's death upon the Queen, recognizing clearly that Victoria's feeling for him "was idolatry, but I am sure that God allowed and pardoned it, for when was ever such a gift bestowed."

Of the boy who was later to be Emperor William II there is occasional mention; not always favorable. For example, at the marriage of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, "Pr. Wm. improved the occasion to aggravate and set His small uncles at defiance, and managed to get the Cairngorm out of the head of His dirk, and to pitch it to the other side of the Choir for the sake of an excitement." In a supplementary account written by Dean Stanley's sister, it is related that when the Queen inquired if William had been good, the answer was "Oh, no, he was biting us all the time."

The introduction to the volume, written by the Dean of Windsor, is, to a great extent, a defense of the essential greatness of Victoria, whose godson he is. "She lacked," he says, "the worldly wisdom in small things which so often controls us ordinary people and which we have learnt in the rough intercourse of the world. But she retained the strong, generous, childlike, simple nature which those who knew her best loved most truly." He thinks that she may be best judged through the eyes of those who loved her, such as Lady Augusta. Certainly those who are interested in Victoria should read this volume; although for its full enjoyment a prior knowledge of what was happening in the world at the time is essential.

People of Sorts

SOME PEOPLE. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THERE is only one complaint to be made against "Some People," and that is that there are not more people. The book is the very best of fun, from its suavely ambiguous author's note—"Many of the following sketches are purely imaginary. Such truths as they may contain are only half-truth"—to its author's final triumphant "And alone." Harold Nicolson is an English diplomatist and the son of an English diplomatist. (Note for Lucy Stoners—He is also the husband of the novelist, Victoria Sackville-West.) The "people" who make up the book are mostly drawn from diplomatic circles, but Mr. Nicolson is not to be confused with fusty old gentlemen with feather dusters or musty ones with mirrors, for he keeps the note of high and inconsequential good humor throughout and is interested in character rather than in how they brought the bad news from Downing Street.

To the characters not "purely imaginary" Mr. Nicolson often accords only a phrase or two, but these are apt to fix the subject with the instantaneous finality of a snap-shot: "I could not have believed that anything not an egg could have looked so like an egg as d'Annunzio's head;" of Marcel Proust, "a little white face over there, those bruised eyes, that blue but shaven chin, those white gloves resting upon the opera hat;" a little more detail for the conquering hero, "a small brown gentleman in a brown suit and very white shirt-cuffs. He carried a brown bowler in his left hand and his right was thrust into his waistcoat. The iris of his eyes was entirely surrounded by white, a phenomenon which I had hitherto observed only in the photographs of distinguished mesmerists"—Mussolini!

It is impossible to write of "Some People" without falling into quotations: it is always the incident seen through Mr. Nicolson's eyes that registers rather than the incident itself. Who shall tell in other words of the British Delegation huddled at the Gare de Lyon in the early morn, *en route* for the Lausanne conference—"Arketall [the drunken valet of Lord Curzon] was standing beside me: 'Ay left me 'at behind,' he remarked in sudden dismay. I had a picture of that disgraceful bowler lying upwards on the stair carpet of the Ritz: 'Tiens,'

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they would exclaim, 'le chapeau de Lord Curzon.'" How paraphrase the encounter with a young Polish pianist: "He laughed a little uncertainly at this, and crossed his legs. I could see that he was the languid type of invert, whereas the sort I like best are of the brisk variety. So I read my book."

The portrait of Lord Curzon, which is made up of brief glimpses of him as he appears in some of the sketches, for no real person is allotted a sketch to himself, convinces one that Harold Nicolson is the man to do the "Life" of Britain's most belligerent peace commissioner. Mr. Nicolson shows a side (many sides would be more exact) of this will-driven, pain-ridden diplomat which has never crept into the reports upon him in the public press. His works on Verlaine, Tennyson, Byron, and Swinburne have already placed Mr. Nicolson's name near the top of the list of English biographers. "Some People" shows that he is particularly qualified to write of those whom he has known personally, and it has further released something in the author's temperament making for a lightness and intimacy of style which is likely to add warmth to his future work.

Japanese Literature

MASTERPIECES OF CHIKAMATSU, THE JAPANESE SHAKESPEARE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $8.

A WREATH OF CLOUD, BEING THE THIRD PART OF "THE TALE OF GENJI." By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

FOR a western critic, who has never visited Japan, who is ignorant of the Japanese language, to attempt any estimate of the classical literary art of Japan as compared with that of our western nations would be a supreme impertinence. I shall attempt nothing so gratuitous here. On the other hand, the above translations are presumably intended for the casual, not too imperfectly educated English or American reader, and the impressions and reflections they have brought to the mind of one such reader may have a certain restricted value.

I have already, in reviewing an earlier volume of "The Tale of Genji," expressed my unforced admiration. The genius of Lady Murasaki is surely not betrayed in the limpid, rhythmical English of Arthur Waley; it easily, if belatedly, passes the boundaries of her country and will be welcomed everywhere by sensitive, intelligent minds. But before indulging myself in the pleasure of speaking once more of "Genji," I must turn to a more difficult essay.

What am I, a racial and cultural outsider, to make of the classical *Kabuki* plays and *Joruri* plays (plays of the popular theatre, and puppet plays) of Chikamatsu Monzaémon, called "the Japanese Shakespeare"?

He was born in 1652 A. D. and lived for seventy-two years, producing during fifty or more of those years well over a hundred dramatic compositions. And in one non-dramatic respect, at least, he resembles Shakespeare: very little is known of him. "This is, after all (says his translator), but natural, as Japanese historians have interested themselves almost exclusively in the lives of people of the upper class." And he adds that Chikamatsu's life could no more have interested Japanese biographers than "the life of a cat or a dog."

Evidently, then, the social position of the people of the theatre in Japan during the life of Chikamatsu was not dissimilar to that of the Elizabethan actors and playwrights; they were held to be little better than vagabonds. Yet the theatre was enormously popular in Japan of the earlier Yedo period, as it was in Elizabethan England. Throughout history, drama has been the most honored of the arts, while its creators have been considered the least respectable of men.

But, frankly, what I know of the Japanese theatre has been chiefly gathered from the excellent introductory essay by Asataro Miyamori, Chikamatsu's translator, who is Professor of English Literature in the Oriental University, Tokyo. His translations have been revised by Robert Nichols, the English poet, who taught for a time in the Imperial University, Tokyo. The volume itself is a sumptuous one, thoughtfully illustrated by many photographs and reproductions of Japanese prints which, for the uninstructed foreigner, are invaluable as aids to understanding and appreciation. Clearly, a great and loving effort has now been made to popularize in the West something of the intricate and alien beauty of the dramatic literature of Japan. But those who acquire this admirable book should also obtain, if possible, the exquisite translations of the more ancient and aristocratic Nō Plays of Japan, made by the English scholar-poet, Arthur Waley, and published by Alfred A. Knopf, in 1922. The owner of these two volumes and of the successively appearing volumes of "The Tale of Genji" should be able to gain a very fair impression of the older Japanese culture and its sublimation in Japanese art; and such an impression, however superficial, is well worth the trouble it may take to acquire it. The cultured West has perhaps lived too exclusively within its own rigid "cake of custom." We all tend to harden into formulas and lose sensitiveness and flexibility of mind. Contact with the East, so different in its simplicities and in its immense sophistication, can hardly fail to quicken and renew us. For one thing, merely, it hurts no one to realize that there are a number of entirely satisfying ways of cooking an egg.

The Japanese theatre, says Arthur Waley, developed from rustic exhibitions of acrobatics and jugglery, various sorts of recitation, ballad-singing, etc., the Chinese dances practised at the Japanese court (as so beautifully described in "The Tale of Genji"), and from *Sarugaku*, a masquerade which relieved the solemnity of Shinto ceremonies. From these diverse elements the Nō plays were created, in the fourteenth century, by the personal genius of two men, Kwanami, and his son, Seami, who won the fostering protection of the Shogun Yoshimitsu, then ruler of Japan.

* * *

Thus, Nō was from the first an aristocratic art, refined for the pleasure of a court which has seldom elsewhere been equalled in esthetic sophistication. The soul of the Nō plays is to be found in "the difficult term *yūgen*. . . . It means 'what lies beneath the surface;' the subtle as opposed to the obvious; the hint, as opposed to the statement. . . . The symbol of *yūgen* is 'a white bird with a flower in its beak.'" Says Seami of his courtly auditors: "Their honorable eyes have become so keen that they notice the least defect." Says Professor Miyamori:

> Of the four types of Japanese drama the *nō* plays were the first to attract foreign notice . . . presumably because they appeal to a taste which recognizes in them certain curious resemblances to Greek tragedy. These resemblances . . . consist in the fact that the plays are entirely chanted, that they are pervaded by religious ideas, that the principal characters wear masks, that the chorus sings certain metrical portions and that the manner of the acting is dignified and reserved. None the less . . . the puppet plays and the dramas of the regular stage, both of which reflect in a decidedly greater degree actual Japanese character, beliefs, and moral ideas, are considerably more enjoyed by our countrymen. And from a literary point of view the puppet plays are more highly esteemed by Japanese scholars than the *nō* plays.

By the "dramas of the regular stage" Professor Miyamori refers to the so-called *kabuki* plays, which in their material and its often extravagant development somewhat distantly resemble the romantic art of the Elizabethan theatre. I say somewhat distantly, for these classic plays of the popular theatre of Japan are more strictly conventionalized ("stylized," in the modern cant) than their analogues of the West. They are

> accompanied by song and music . . . dialogue is spoken, or rather chanted, in highly artificial voices; the miming is much exaggerated, often approaching dancing, and the make-up is strongly accentuated. Just as brevity and quietness are the characteristics of the *nō*, so exaggeration and expressiveness are the distinguishing features of the *kabuki* . . .

It was as a *kabuki* playwright at Kyoto that Chikamatsu began his career, emerging into sudden fame at the age of twenty-five. Yet his more lasting fame is founded, apparently, upon his *joruri*, or puppet plays. These puppet plays are an especially characteristic development of the Japanese popular theatre. In form, they are highly romantic tales, partly in descriptive and lyric verse, partly in prose dialogue, and were developed from the performances of professional reciters or chanters of stories, histories, and Buddhist legends. The individual reciter was in time replaced by a chorus (of from six to ten men, to judge from the photographs) "seated on a platform . . . overlooking the stage." By this chorus the narrative and lyric passages are sung or chanted "to the agreeable music of the samisen," and by it the speeches of the puppet-characters are declaimed. The puppets are large and elaborately costumed, and are moved about the stage by mute showmen, usually in black robes and hoods, but in full view of the audience. However, since the days of Chikamatsu, there has been a further development. The regular theatre, with its living actors, has appropriated these puppet plays. A chorus still chants the narrative and lyric verse, but the dialogue is now declaimed by actors—who, in movement and gesture, deliberately ape the restricted mobility of marionettes. Briefly, the puppet plays of Chikamatsu and others of his time are not only popular today, but modern Japanese scholars agree "in considering them not only the best of the various types of dramas, but the supreme achievements of Japanese literature."

* * *

And, assuredly, there is much to be said for the form of these puppet plays. The Elizabethan drama, played on a bare platform, had to create its own atmosphere by descriptive and lyric passages forced in boldly, but often very awkwardly, amid the cut and thrust of the dialogue. Such interpolations are given to the chorus by the *joruri* playwright and the bouts of dialogue are thus stripped for the action in hand. Consider, for example, that famous purple patch in "Antony and Cleopatra," which flows so absurdly from the rough tongue of the Roman soldier, Enobarbus:

> The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
> Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
> The winds were love-sick with them . . .

and so on for a dozen lines or more!

Could Chikamatsu have written such lines (which seems improbable, though I am unable to say that he could not), he would have given them frankly to the chorus—where they belong. Thus, in a *joruri* play, narrative, lyric, descriptive, and dramatic values are combined, but in so reasonable a way that there is nothing incongruous; they reinforce, they do not confuse and destroy, one another. A single illustration may suffice.

Toward the close of Chikamatsu's puppet-romance, "The Almanac of Love," two ill-starred lovers, O-San and Mohei, have been tracked to their hiding-place, captured, and are being returned to Kyoto for execution. The scene of the capture has been tense with action and passion; but it is ended—and at once the chorus takes up the tale:

> O-San and Mohei, tightly bound, were seated upon separate horses and the procession started for the execution ground in the suburbs of Kyoto. The horses that bore the prisoners were, no less than all other living creatures, doomed sooner or later to the land of shadow, but to that pair of prisoners, whose last moments were so rapidly approaching, it seemed that they alone were vanishing from the world.

And so this quiet narrative passage (in verse which I must accept on faith as of great beauty) leads on to the dramatic climax of the play. It takes the place of that dead pause, that break in illusion, the lowered curtain. The story is continued, the mood maintained, and the transition from scene to scene is smoothly effected. Moreover, the playwright has been able, appropriately, through the chorus, to make a profound reflection on human life. Thrust into the dramatic dialogue such reflections are intolerable; but here the poet's footnote to mortality is perfectly placed and therefore graciously welcome.

* * *

But six of the many plays by Chikamatsu have been translated by Professor Miyamori. Let us suppose that some Tibetan critic, who knew nothing of our western drama, and very little of our ideas and customs, were handed clear but quite uninspired prose translations of, say, "Romeo and Juliet," "King Henry V," and "A Winter's Tale." What would be the chances of his being able to obtain from them a just conception of the genius of Shakespeare? Suppose, again, that a certain prose passage in "Hamlet," when set over into modern Tibetan, sounded to our critic something like this: "I have lately—I really don't know why—felt very unhappy and given up exercising much; and the fact is I feel so blue that this construction, the earth, strikes me as a barren rock; and as for the air-tent under which we live, which is decorated with stars, I can only point out to you that I see it as a dirty and disgusting fog-bank. . . ." Then suppose,

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finally, the Tibetan translator assured our Tibetan critic that Shakespeare is especially famous for "the perfection of his language." Professor Miyamori informs the western reader that Chikamatsu's language "matures to its finest point every element of melody and variety inherent in the Japanese tongue." Whereupon the western reader turns eagerly to the opening of "The Almanac of Love" and is soon confronted by—"Such, however, was not the case. . . ."

Not that the western critic blames Chikamatsu for this, but he at once recognizes that he will never be able to appreciate the stylistic felicities of Chikamatsu; he must take them purely for granted.

Now when you subtract from a great dramatic poet all the glamor and distinction of his personal style, what is left? Who would remember Marlowe if "Tamburlaine" had been written by someone else, line for line, in a rather labored pedestrian prose?

Yet something after all is left to Chikamatsu: the stories themselves, the dramatic framework and balance given them, and the general characterization of the persons involved in them; also, the underlying social, moral, and philosophic ideas of the poet, his necessarily implied criticism of life.

Judged from such fragments of himself, Chikamatsu is somewhat dimly seen to be an expert theatrical technician with a love for highly colored romantic and emotional situations; a tender-minded idealist whose heart bleeds easily and always for the under dog; a humorist who can paint admirable little *genre* pictures of the common life, yet whose touches of naturalism affect only the details of his work. The extravagant unreality of his "historical" plays, which the dramatist himself preferred, will hardly commend them to the western reader who, foiled by translation, will fail to appreciate "his magical color, the fluency of his language." It is through his domestic plays that Chikamatsu must make his difficult way to us. In such of these plays as Professor Miyamori has enabled me to read certain of the characters come to life and speak to me in a language I can understand, because it is the universal language of human nature. Yet even in these plays, says my mentor, "ugly events are beautified and contemptible characters idealized." Even when the heroes and heroines of his love tragedies commit double suicide Chikamatsu extends to them "the hope of a rebirth in the Pure Land or in the Lotus-Flower." Says another Japanese commentator: "The poet's strong and all-embracing compassion wraps them round." Yet were he a western dramatist I fear he would be accused of a too facile sentimentality and an illicit care for the happy ending.

Is not Chikamatsu, perhaps, a Japanese Fletcher or Heywood rather than the Japanese Shakespeare?

It is to an earlier Japanese writer—a woman, and a novelist—that one must turn for a deeper reading of life. The Lady Murasaki has no need of any explanatory tag; she is not the Japanese—this or that. She is quietly, exquisitely, and finally—herself. In "A Wreath of Cloud," the third volume of "The Tale of Genji" to be published in English, she continues on her serene and masterly way. But, for an English-reading critic, no final consideration of "The Tale of Genji" will be possible until Mr. Waley's beautiful translation is complete. For the time being it is enough to say of her in Mr. Waley's own words: "Here is no 'Oriental vagueness. . . '"

A. Edward Newton of Philadelphia, the noted book collector, arrived recently from Europe with a collection of rare books which he acquired abroad. He has brought to this country the Lord Carysfort first Shakespearian folio, which is said to be the last set not in a museum and for which he paid $62,000.

While in England Mr. Newton also bought Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler;" a copy of the first edition of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," published in 1555; one of the twelve copies of the first edition of Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," published in 1903; and a copy of Hardy's "Desperate Remedies."

The resignation of Arthur Swann as a Vice-President of the American Art Association, and Director of its Department of Books, Prints and Autographs, was recently announced. Mr. Swann has been a noted rare book expert for a quarter of a century and built up the business of his department from $36,000 in 1914 to nearly $1,000,000 last season.

"Prince Serebryany"

A PRINCE OF OUTLAWS. By Count Alexis Tolstoy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE novel of Count Alexis Tolstoy's, now offered in English translation as "A Prince of Outlaws," is, of course, the "Prince Serebryany" that was as familiar to well-brought-up Russian children of pre-Bolshevik days as "Ivanhoe" is—or was— to ours. The fact that it was written more than half a century ago and in quite another vein from that usually thought of in this country as "Russian" need not, however, make it any the less worth reading.

Count Alexis Tolstoy, who was a distant cousin of the greater Tolstoy, was a great friend of the Czar Alexander II, and served as Imperial Huntsman. This gave him a chance for the out-of-door life he liked, and the opportunity to be near the Czar without compromising himself in politics. A more or less westernized Liberal in his attitude toward government, he was an enthusiast in Russian folk-lore, and he wrote about boyars and oprichniki and the good old days of blood and Tartar-fighting with the verve and sincerity of a Russian who was both patriot and poet.

In "Prince Serebryany," he brought back the nightmare reign of half-mad Ivan the Terrible and the poisonous crew that surrounded him. The oprichniki were a characteristic Russian phenomenon—a sort of super-police, of which the Okhrana of pre-Bolshevik times and the Cheka of recent days were psychological, if not lineal, descendants; a band of cut-throats, whose theoretical function was to protect the holy person of the Czar from the various sorts of "treason" which threatened him on every side. Actually, they preyed on peasantry and nobility alike, and meanwhile spied on, lied about, and double-crossed each other.

Count Tolstoy, in the preface written to the first edition in 1863, says that he "more than once threw his pen down in anger, not from the thought that Ivan IV could exist, but from the thought that a society could look at him without dissatisfaction." The reader of this story feels in the same way, and there are instants when the impulse to break through the malignant spell in which Ivan's Court was held, vicariously to seize one of the boyars' battle-axes and bash the tyrant's head in, becomes almost irresistible. For reasons such as these one hesitates to recommend the book to American young people. Their whole historical background is so different that they might not "get" the old-chronicle charm and the really informing mass of accurate archeological detail, and feel that they had been turned loose in a gang of psychopathic murderers.

* * *

Prince Serebryany is the knight, without fear or reproach, amongst all these paranoiacs and obscurantist self-seekers. He belonged to the boyar, or old landed nobility class, who found themselves tricked, laughed at, robbed, and sent to the torture-chamber and execution block by the Czar's new super-legal and super-traditional oprichniks. He is almost the only one—except, perhaps, the old boyar, Morosov, who goes to his death, after giving the Czar a piece of his mind, with crest unbowed—to whom "honor" has the meanings and responsibilities usually attached to it in the West. True to romantic tradition, he loses his lady love, who, despairing of his coming to rescue her, takes her vows as a nun just on the eve of Serebryany's arrival, and the Prince goes off to fight the Tartars and die on the frontiers for a Russia that had gone rotten at the core.

Technically, the novel is somewhat uneven and composed of diverse elements. Alexis Tolstoy was steeped in the old chronicles, he wrote verse in the manner of Russian folk-lore as nobody else, perhaps, could, and there are moments when his poetic and archeological impulses override his interest in a straightaway story. Indeed, in several spots, he interrupts his own narrative frankly to insert passages from the old ballads and let them tell what happened in their own words. A good deal is lost in translation, too, for Tolstoy was a poet, and in the matter of romantic beauty, the English version leaves something to be desired.

Everybody interested in Russia, whether from the point of view of politics or from that of its literary history, and in particular those who know only recent novels and contemporary history, should find "A Prince of Outlaws" decidedly worth while. Alexis Tolstoy's novel was written during the period in which the serfs were freed and a wave of liberalism was sweeping over educated Russians. He was the first, it is said, whom the censor permitted to write with comparative frankness of the personality and times of Ivan IV.

The cautious little sermon with which the novel closes contains the following significant sentence: "Nothing in the world is lost, and every deed and every word and every thought grows like a tree, and much of good and ill that exists now like some inexplicable apparition in the life of Russia, has its roots in the dark recesses of the past." And these words are just as applicable to the Russia of 1927 as to that of 1863.

A Wife—Modern Style

STRANGE WOMAN. By Elmer Davis. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Grace Frank

LET no one be misled by the jacket and the advance notices into thinking that "Strange Woman" is a problem novel. The perplexities of the "woman of forty whose job is done, children raised," and all the rest of it have very little to do with the case. Lucy Merriam is merely the modern Helen of Troy in reverse. Mr. Erskine showed us that a beautiful hussy might take a highly conventional stand on social questions; it remained for Mr. Davis to introduce us to a respectable wife and mother whose principles were completely amoral.

When the man who has been loving Lucy unsuccessfully—in the pragmatic sense—for ten long years suggests to her that she can hardly understand the point of view of her husband's mistress since she is herself "a good woman," Lucy answers suavely: "Don't be abusive. It isn't your fault if I am. Life made me so. It's a form of white slavery that many an innocent young girl is forced into against her will." As for her husband's lapse, "Forgive him for what?" she asks. "For being able to get some excitement after eighteen years—to get Dagmar Dahl? Why, I'd like to give him a medal!" There's a wife for you—1927 model.

And this, if you please, is the wife of the president of a middle western university. Once more Mr. Davis has amusingly exploited his formula of placing the least likely people in the most unlikely situations and giving the Comic Spirit a long leash. Lucy's lover is none other than a professor of philology in a fresh-water college who refuses calls to Harvard and the Sorbonne. (Incidentally, we should like to meet that unicorn.) And Lucy's presidential husband, a man who needs his weekly Purpose to keep fit, who "could sell rosaries to the Klan," and who does indeed sell Idealism to his trustees, becomes the lover—the nineteenth, to be exact—of a prima donna who never meets wives and who refuses categorically to live out another woman's unfulfilled longings.

Who cares if the cherry is artificially colored? The champagne bubbles unintermittently for three hundred pages. There is also a heartening dash of *amaro* in the light satire of those glorified business colleges that pose as universities and provide suitable establishments for boys and girls in search of football, fraternities, and each other. Such universities, says the unicorn, do a noble service to higher education by keeping these adolescents out of the way of real students. The introduction of a few well-chosen minor characters calculated to stress the essential parallels between colleges of this sort and opera companies—especially between their respective impresarios—also helps prevent the comedy from descending into farce.

And then of course there is that part about the potential divorcée of forty "whose job is done, children raised," etc., and who ruefully contemplates the experiences that life may have left for her. Now, our critical creed includes no article evolved out of the old unities, and yet we must confess that in this case the ascent from Avernus was a bit too steep for us. When Lucy grows serious and contemplates her Problems and when Lucy persistently clings to her romantic conception of her husband's very realistic adventure, she has to pay the penalty of having been so delightfully pagan throughout the rest of the book: we cannot quite take her seriously. Yet, paradoxically enough, it is on this higher ground that we should like to see Mr. Davis pitch his tent next time. Evidently he knows more than enough for another novel about

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the woman who can countenance immorality for the most moral of reasons, the woman whose implacable integrity nevertheless prevents her from pursuing cheap ways of escape.

Meanwhile, however, one of our younger actresses is reported to be looking for a comedy that is naughty but nice, and we strongly advise her to persuade Mr. Davis, if she can, to adapt "Strange Woman" for her. Half a dozen of the characters would be excellent theatre and the crisply flashing dialogue would appear even subtler on the stage than on the printed page.

"Lean on Me, Grandpa!"

THE ROMANTICK LADY (Frances Hodgson Burnett). By VIVIAN BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by PERCY BOYNTON

"THE ROMANTICK LADY" is sentimentally serious biography of a sentimental but irrepressibly gay character. The filial biographer (portraits of pp. 136, 186, 286) prefaces the chronicle with a fantasy of the birth of a fairy child attended by a polychromatic set of fairy godmothers, which should be read only by a light so dim that it could not be deciphered; and progresses respectfuly to the occupancy of the house at Plandome Park with a detailed description down to the equipment of the dressing table.

But between page V and page 330, and after the latter, a lively lady is the center of the scene in a succession of extravagant vivacities, literary, domestic, and social, which naturally culminated in a succession of nervous breakdowns and ultimate death from exhaustion. She died as she had lived, writing for immediate and remunerative publications, incorrigibly industrious and invincibly high-spirited.

The method, the only proper one in biography, of allowing the subject to tell her own story as far as possible, achieves a certain balance in the book like the balance in Mrs. Burnett's. She was a simply romantic person who found in her fanciers something more attractive than what she found in life, and who then rather deliberately tried to convince herself that the world she was trying to escape from was like the world of her own creation.

She toiled through poetry, suffered two marital disasters, a crushing bereavement, dishonesties and ingratitudes, a full share of meanness and agony, but believed in fairies and liked to play at being a buxom and tight-laced fairy herself. To live a life of this sort demands a high degree of emotional courage and a rather low order of intellect. Mrs. Burnett had both, and with a fertile imagination and a ready pen she naturally met with a wide popularity. There is a fine appropriateness in the fact that Mary Pickford became the Little Lord Fauntleroy of the screen. If Mrs. Burnett were in full career now she would be reaping fresh fortunes as a devisor of improving scenarios.

Mrs. Burnett was a very practical fairy. Her convictions as they found their way into print were built upon her experiences. She did not believe that virtue was its own reward, for she had found—what she was willing to erect into a generalization—that it brought various rewards with it. In the face of physical disabilities she brought her resolution to bear, for a while studied faith healing, came near to professing Christian Science but veered away from it, was something of a spiritualist.

As to a religion or a philosophy in any intellectual sense, although the book has a chapter headed with these terms, she had none. Toward the end of her life she was "a passionate gardener." It was a natural concrete expression for one who insisted that the chaos of life is actually beautiful and orderly. Her own creed, and she lived up to it, was of the simplest: "Be kind, be good, be generous, be brave." It was not a creed of belief; it was an admirable code of conduct.

A woman of this sort might very well have turned out like many another of her kind, amiable, beneficent, and undistinguished. The vital feature of Mrs. Burnett was the abundance of her energy as relieved by the spirit of play. This is apparent throughout her letters which, being who she was, she wrote pleasantly and at length. With these her biography is filled, and the best of them on the whole rather surpass any of her more formal writings. Out of such a nature came her most popular works. The first inclination would be to say that she was the product of her period. This is not the real point. Rather she represents a type of character and a stratum of intellect, which if given the story-telling power is foredestined to popularity.

The Bowling Green

(In Mr. Morley's absence general contributions will be run in his column.)

Before Columbus Came

I. No Books

ERE Christopher Columbus came,
Without an invitation
To look for spices, gold and fame
But found a Missing Nation
And opened up the U. S. A.
To foreign immigration,
You could not find a single book
Twixt Hollywood and Sandy Hook.
From Portland, Maine, to Puget Sound
No single volume could be found.
From Puget Sound to Monterey
And back again to Casco Bay,
No novel, history or play,
No *Sateve Post*, no *Ladies' Journal*,
No paper, weekly or diurnal,
No five-foot shelf, no book of rules
For making wise men out of fools,
Or teaching nitwits to be funny
Was to be had for love or money.

II. No Publishers

In that faroff and happier day,
There was no publisher to say
"Your book is fine in every way.
Its plot, its characters, its style
The hard-boiled critics will beguile.
Its humor causes hearty laughter.
In short, it's just the book we're after.
But, I regret to add,
Our list is very full this Spring.
We couldn't take another thing
It really is too bad.
Besides, our business doesn't pay.
Our costs are rising every day,
Though every care we've took.
They never were as high as now.
Unless we sell a hundred thou-
Sand copies of a book,
We do not make a single nickle.
We're really in a pretty pickle.
And, then, the public isn't buying.
Our lot, indeed, is very trying.
Our profits for the fiscal year
Were just about a million clear,
A paltry million dollars,
Hardly enough, I really fear,
When everything's so very dear,
For buying ties and collars.
Oh, no, our business doesn't pay.
I'm very sorry, sir. Good day."

III. No Critics

And there were no reviewers then.
No critic pushed a poison pen.
No callow youngster, fresh from school,
His proper seat a dunce's stool,
Who yesterday but learned his letters,
Assumed to praise or damn his betters.
No little clique conspired to boost
The bantam cock to rule the roost.
Nor did th' Algonquin pundits' babble
Befool the gaping long-eared rabble,
Who never know how much of fake
Is in that game of give and take
When logs are rolled and backs are scratched
And mutual fulsome praises matched.

IV. A Best Seller

If, in that pre-Columbian day,
You wished to chant a tribal lay,
Or had a tale to tell,
You simply squatted on the ground
And all your hearers gathered round.
In ranks and rows they squatted too,
And gave attention unto you:
Then, if you told your story well
And wove a quite authentic spell
They gently murmured "Ugh!"
(Which very quaint and curious word
I think must rhyme with "rough,"
And mean "That story was a bird.
Three cheers! Hurrah! Hot stuff!")
They didn't only voice their praise,
And take it out in talk.
They gave you yams and beans and maize
A silver tomahawk,
A blanket, too, a snug tepee,
A belt and scalping knife
And best of all, it seems to me,
An able-bodied wife
Stout and strong and able to
Plough and hoe and bake and brew.
So you had nothing else to do
But lead an idle life
And lie around from morn to night
And dream of tales you'd never write.
The lines of famous authors then
Were envied by the greatest men.

V. A Dud

And, if they didn't like your stuff
They left no doubt about it.
They surely made it plain enough
That they inclined to flout it.
They frowned and scowled.
They booed and groaned.
They yelled and howled.
They wept and moaned.
In short, they cut up very rough.
They called you "thief," they called you "liar."
And otherwise they roasted you.
Indeed, they often toasted you
At some convenient fire
Then cooled you off beneath the pump,
While they ejaculated "Grrump!"
(A very short and ugly word
Whose meaning's easily inferred.)
And, when you were completely damp,
They handed you your hat,
And kindly kicked you out of camp.
And that was that.

. . . . . .

And so 'twas simply, quickly done
You knew at once you'd lost or won.
You either got a good fat check,
Or else you got it in the neck.
Immediate praise or blame.
You got the boot or won the bays.
There were no doubts and no delays
In those far-off pre-printing days,
Before Columbus came.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"During the last four or five years," says the "Year Book" of the American Library in Paris, "the Library had accumulated a very large number of surplus books. Some of these were gifts, but by far the largest part consisted of books which had been sent back to the Library when the Army of Occupation moved out of the Coblenz area in 1922. Of these there were seventy-five or eighty cases which had been stacked up in an outbuilding and had remained there unopened.

"These books were for the most part duplicates of the titles which had been supplied by the American Library Association for the Army Educational program—books dealing with American and European history, with economics, agriculture, engineering, and so on. It was evident that they would be of special value to the educational institutions of the smaller European countries, where English was a required study and where an effort was being made to teach these subjects, but where there was a dearth of books in the English language. It was realized, however, that before they could be distributed intelligently, it would be necessary to classify and list them, and to make careful inquiry as to where they would give the greatest service.

"The Trustees of the Library agreed that the books should be distributed in this way, provided the necessary funds could be secured, and the plan was placed before the American Relief Administration, which appropriated the sum of $2,000 to carry out the work. Special shelving was thereupon built in what was formerly a stable, the books were arranged and listed, and the list was printed. This list, comprising some three thousand titles, of some of which there are as many as fifty duplicates, is now in the hands of librarians and teachers all over central Europe and the near East."

Miss Janet Ross, the daughter of the famous Lady Duff-Gordon, who has died in Florence at the age of eighty-five, was the original of Rose Jocelyn in George Meredith's "Evan Harrington." She was the friend of both Thackeray and Dickens.

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Books of Special Interest

Aliens and Business

MIGRATION AND BUSINESS CYCLES. By HARRY JEROME. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD V. ROELSZ

THE vast migration of people in quest of greater opportunities and better living conditions, which at its height brought more than a million immigrants a year to this country, has for many years been a source of perplexing problems, sociological, biological, and economic. Restrictive legislation has been enacted but the inflow of aliens still averages more than a half million a year. At the request of the National Research Council, the National Bureau of Economic Research has undertaken the study of the economic aspects of migration. This volume represents the results of a study which was made under the direction of Dr. Harry Jerome of the University of Wisconsin, concerning the relationship between the wide year-to-year fluctuations in migration and the cyclical rise and fall of industrial activity.

Previous discussions of the relationship of migration to business conditions have consisted mainly of recurrent outbreaks of propaganda against the limitation of immigration in every period of prosperity and for the restriction of immigration in times of industrial stagnation. As late as the winter of 1922-23 pressure was brought to bear on Congress to modify the act restricting immigration, in order that the return to prosperity might not be checked for want of manpower. There was competition among employers for skilled workmen, and wages were advanced rapidly. But current employment data indicated that there were still a considerable number of workers seeking employment, and that the difficulty of securing competent help was largely due to the scattering of trained men during the preceding depression when plants were closed or operating with reduced forces. Within a year it became evident that the labor supply had been adequate, but that industrial activity had been going too fast.

Since 1923, less has been heard of the need for unlimited immigration, and the tendency has been to give much attention to means of making working forces go as far as possible by improved organization and more effective mechanical appliances. As the result, the large industrial output of the past three or four years has been produced with smaller working forces than in 1919. The extent to which this has been due to the limitation of immigration has been left to a later study under Dr. Jerome's direction.

* *

The present volume is devoted to an inquiry of the extent to which fluctuations in immigration and emigration coincide with the rise and fall of industrial activity, and thus bring additional labor when it is needed and take away surplus labor when business is slack, or fail to show timely response and thereby contribute to unemployment in periods of depression. The study takes up first the correspondence between fluctuations in immigration and business cycles prior to 1890, and shows that as means of communication improved, the rise and fall in business and in immigration became increasingly close. The subsequent years are divided into the period from 1890 to 1914 and the War and post-War years. Emigration, as well as immigration, is examined in these later periods for its response to the changing tempo of industrial activity.

Immigration from practically all sources and of all types is found to show a considerable degree of responsiveness to the business cycle in this country, although conditions in the country of origin, such as outbreaks of racial persecution, have had an important influence at times. Emigration tends to diminish when business is prosperous in this country and to increase as siveness in both inward and outward migrasiveness both inward and outward migrations is found to differ somewhat according to sex, occupation, and country of origin or race. Male migration is more responsive than female to changing conditions; unskilled labor responds more quickly than the professional class.

Italians, Greeks, Russians, and Poles have shown the high ratios of returning emigrants to the number of immigrants; Jews, Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, and English the low ratios of departures. But even in the years when Southern and Eastern European, or "New," migration predominated, immigrants have exceeded emigrants in every year.

Seasonal variations are also computed and are examined with reference to seasonal fluctuations in employment. The correspondence was fairly close until recent years, when the operation of the new quotas completely changed the seasonal variation, bringing the heaviest inflow of immigrants in the two or three months following July 1 each year. The 1924 modification of the quota law, which limits to ten per cent of the annual quota the number admissible from any country in one month, has again changed the seasonal, and has prevented fluctuations to agree with seasonal variations in opportunities for employment.

The general conclusion reached in the study is that, while there has been a considerable degree of responsiveness in migrations to and from this country to changes in industrial activity, there have been net arrivals in even the years of most severe depression, which have aggravated the problem of unemployment. It is further suggested that the inflow of workers in times of increasing industrial activity has probably accentuated booms and hastened the subsequent slumps.

An Economic Problem

HAND-TO-MOUTH BUYING. New York: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. 1927. $1.75.

Reviewed by WENDELL M. STRONG
Mutual Life Insurance Company

THIS little book is the record of the Conference on Hand-to-Mouth Buying held in Chicago on February 17th of this year under the auspices of the Policyholders' Service Bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. As explained by Third Vice President Bruere of the Metropolitan, the company arranged the conference because it regarded the subject of hand-to-mouth buying as one of the most important current economic developments in America, and felt that the conference would be of service to the company's group insurance policyholders.

As is well known, hand-to-mouth buying developed from the extreme depression of 1920-1. Preceding this there had been a period of advancing prices and a scarcity of goods, both during the war and following the war. Railroads were unable to make deliveries, and both wholesalers and retailers laid in excessive stocks of goods to meet demands which might be made upon them, and also as a speculation against further advance in price, and the ultimate consumer also bought more than he needed at the moment. When the depression came there was, of course, an accumulation of stocks, which led to drastic cuts in prices and consequent losses. From a determination to avoid similar experiences in the future the habit of hand-to-mouth buying arose and it proved so satisfactory that it has continued to the present time.

The discussion in the conference centered on the advantages and disadvantages of hand-to-mouth buying. There appears to have been practically unanimous agreement that one of the fundamental factors making hand-to-mouth buying feasible now was the efficiency of transportation, insuring prompt scarcity. The chief advantages were regarded as a great reduction in inventory and cost of carrying this, and a lessening of the chance of carrying unsalable goods with consequent drastic price cutting.

One of the disadvantages is that buying in small lots increases the expense of handling, and also prevents mass production with its attendant economies. Another is that in industries manufacturing goods which are subject to changes in style the manufacturer has placed upon him the burden of anticipating what the styles will be, which involves more chance taking than if this burden could be assumed by the wholesaler or retailer. In this latter case the goods cannot be manufactured just as orders come in but he must also exercise care not to pile up what may become unsaleable stocks.

The prevailing opinion of the conference seemed to be that the change in buying methods is an economic advantage, and is particularly valuable in preventing great irregularities in industry.

The conference closed with an interesting summary by Dr. Fred E. Clark, Professor of Economics, at Northwestern University. Dr. Clark spoke as follows of the possibility under certain conditions of a return to the old methods of buying:

In conclusion, it is clear that the last few years have been exceptional. There have been years of increasing business unaccompanied by rising prices—in fact, with a tendency toward falling prices. But should we enter a period of increasing business, accompanied by rising prices, such as has often occurred in the past, I think that we are all agreed that two tendencies away from hand-to-mouth buying would develop. In the first place, there would develop a trend toward speculative buying on the part of dealers. For, with prices rising, they would become anxious to buy, in order to profit therefrom, just as now they are anxious not to buy, so as to avoid the disadvantage of the falling prices. And, finally, the fear of shortage would also stimulate dealers to buy in larger quantities.

A Note to Baedeker

THE NETHERLANDS DISPLAY'D OR THE DELIGHTS OF THE LOW COUNTRIES. By MARJORIE BOWEN. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by A. J. BARNOUW
Columbia University

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN has studied present-day Holland as if it were a much-used palimpsest. Modern life has written its script in large, bold characters across the ancient page, but that story is to her a negligible record. It is the older layers of faded manuscript underneath that claimed all her attention, the Caroline minuscule and the Gothic script; and in tracing and deciphering these, she saw the life of which they are the chronicle become more vivid and real than the twentieth-century Holland through which she traveled. Few Dutchmen know more than the name of Charles, Count of Egmont, last Duke of Gueldres, a local war-lord of the early sixteenth century; but when Miss Bowen visited Arnhem, a thriving market town within a belt of prosperous residential suburbs, she found nothing more vital there than the recumbent figure of this warrior on his tomb in the Church of St. Eusebius. Thus Miss Bowen has traveled through the eleven provinces of Holland resuscitating the past and ignoring or snubbing the present. Modern life to her is a blight upon the beauty of town and countryside. The larger cities, of course, have suffered most from the disease; along the byways and in the smaller towns, where the flow of life becomes almost stagnant, the past still lingers intact to the delight of antiquarian travelers. There the local atmosphere, Miss Bowen found, "has been preserved more completely than in most parts of Europe. . . . It is studies in this atmosphere and not of the history of the Netherlands that the present book offers." The volume, therefore, might not unjustly be described as a sentimental appendix to Baedeker's "Holland."

Miss Bowen's displaying of the Netherlands reminds me of the work of restoration that is now going on in all the medieval Dutch churches which the Calvinists took over in the early days of the Reformation. The mural paintings were covered by the despoilers under whitewash to obliterate the traces of Roman worship, but present-day regret for beauty spoilt has started a nation-wide campaign for the removal of the whitewash blight. Strangely enough, Miss Bowen has no sympathy for the display of medieval frescoes, though the work these restorers are doing is an artistic analogy to her literary work of love.

"One thinks the whitewash preferable," she writes; "it has a character, an association of its own, not lightly to be dismissed. . . . The present ardor to uncover these crude daubs which possess nothing but an historic value is laudable enough, but since nothing can give these great Gothic churches their pristine splendor, surely it is wiser to leave them as monuments to Calvinism and the War of Independence.

One would not expect a writer of historical novels to speak so slightingly of "crude daubs which possess nothing but an historic value." Their very crudity makes them more valuable to the historian, as early and very rare specimens of the Dutch school of painting. Miss Bowen's Protestantism and her admiration of Calvinist Holland in its struggle for independence from Spain may, perhaps, account for this inconsistency.

No writer can help his beliefs and predilections coloring his vision of the scene that he describes. The Roman Catholic Hilaire Belloc has just visited Holland and has found that "the best town in which to begin an understanding of Holland is Nimeguen . . . the true gate and entry into Holland. What is historical in Nimeguen is national. It is essentially Dutch in its older buildings and the spirit of its people." But according to the Protestant Miss Bowen "the history of Nymwegen has little to do with the Netherlands as they are today. Here is no neat, solid, Republican town, but a rather melancholy, regal, and gloomy city that seems asleep in a dream of ruined pride." Is this impression of gloom and melancholy perhaps due to the manifest signs of the Church of Rome's predominance in this ancient stronghold?

The charm of Miss Bowen's book is sadly marred by the systematic misspelling of Dutch names and words. Latin quotations have also been carelessly handled. One of these appears in this misdivided shape, *Malomori quam Foe dari.* The bibliography on p. 477 is a veritable cacography, which it would be good practice for an American student of Dutch to try and correct. A people's language is a more precious inheritance than its ancient buildings and historic antiquities, and a book which on every page gives expression to the author's admiration and love of the Dutch and their history should treat their greatest and most cherished treasure with respect.

Secrets Revealed

THE MAGIC OF HERBS. A Modern Book of Secrets. By MRS. C. F. LEYEL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN E. LIND, M.D.

AS we progress upwards and onwards from drawing and quartering to electrocution, from the loin-cloth to the step-in, and from Beowulf to "Jurgen," we inevitably lose somewhat our simple faith in magic. There was no difficulty in believing five hundred years ago in the Philosopher's Stone, in ointments which made one invisible, in killing one's enemies by melting their waxen effigies, and in other marvels which with all their potency did not prevent famine, plagues, and an almost universal poverty. Now men leap into the air in New York and alight in Paris, they create life in laboratories, look through stone walls, and fight disease on microscopic battlefields smaller than the points of needles. We of the present day glance at these wonders at the breakfast table, and turn to the comic strip. We are losing our belief in fairies just as Sherlock Holmes is proving their existence.

Gone is our quondam faith in drugs. Who does not recall the old-time physician with his odorous armamentarium?

Fillet of a fenny snake,
. . . . . .
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing . . .

do not greatly exaggerate the sources of his therapeutic panoply were they strictly analyzed. Boiled puppy-dog, moss from a murderer's skull, excreta of animals, these were among the remedies commonly used in the practice of medicine only a few hundred years ago, and a few sufficiently unappetizing ones still survive in both the British and United States Pharmacopoeias.

In her present book Mrs. Leyel has condensed the results of a vast amount of digging in ancient, occult tomes. She has evidently felt the lure of the subject itself as well as the fascination still cast by the great charlatans of the past, but in her spatial limits she has been unable to transmit very much of it. Paracelsus, Thurneisser, Porta, St. Dunstan, The Welsh Physicians of Myddrai, evoke mysterious and dominant personalities whose lives have become legendary but whose names still sound in the history of medicine with a far-off and glamorous note.

Mrs. Leyel naturally discusses herbal history chiefly from its therapeutic side and also—perhaps on account of her sex—devotes several chapters to the use of herbs as love potions, as cosmetics, and as perfumes. Her feminine readers will be particularly interested in Chapter IX: "Recipes of Famous Cosmetics" in which they will learn how to make the ointment which preserved the beauty of Ninon de l'Enclos until she was seventy and kept her face without a wrinkle. They will also discover how Cleopatra retained her girlish figure and the exact ingredients of the bloom of youth on the face that launched a thousand ships.

Altogether Mrs. Leyel's work just misses being an extremely fascinating one. In her researches she has touched at strange ports and traveled through romantic countries, but has returned with the indiscriminate collection of the tourist.

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Books of Special Interest

What Is Irony?

IRONY: An Historical Introduction. By J. A. K. THOMSON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT
Vassar College

ONE who has read Mr. Thomson's beautiful interpretations of Greek literature and history in "The Greek Tradition" and "Greeks and Barbarians" is slightly repelled by the stiff title and formal arrangement in this new volume. The sub-title, "An Historical Introduction," has a musty-dusty savor of antiquity. The headings of the chapters are colorless Roman numerals with annoying minute letters marking subdivisions of thought. What catches the eye is a quotation on the fly leaf,

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world,

and an informal dedication of thanks to Gilbert Murray for his understanding sympathy.

Any thoughtful reader will find here a new type of literary criticism. Greek literature is reviewed, not chronologically, but from the point of view of an informing spirit. The subject, irony, cannot be defined, but is set forth through Greek literature itself. The word Eiron came into literature through comedy and meant the cunning, primitive man, the Caliban, who fearing the ever-present jealousy of Heaven, pretends to be less than he is. In comedy this ironical man is in conflict with the Alazon, or Impostor, who professes to be something more than he is. By their varying importance, three elements, Alazon, Eiron, and Fortune or Deity, determine the type of irony in different forms of literature.

In Aristophanes's "Acharnians" or "Clouds," the fool runs his head against the force of circumstances and falling is a comic-ironic figure. In Æschylus's "Agamemnon" or Sophocles's "Œdipus Rex" the hero challenges destiny and falls, a tragic-ironic figure. And the horror of such tragedy is that the spectator foresees the fall and breathlessly awaits the events, thus becoming a participant in the irony of the plot. The irony of Euripides is more modern, a subjective irony motivated by an emotion too strong to tread the boards unmasked, bred perhaps of "a sadness from some defeat of high illusions."

To give any idea of the content of the book one must thus use its very phraseology. Mr. Thomson, after establishing by analysis, paraphrase, and translation the origin and essence of irony, shows that both comic and tragic irony existed in Homer; that Herodotus's History might have for a subtitle "The Tragedy of King Xerxes," and for that "the whole machinery of dramatic irony is brought into action;" that Thucydides's History, like drama, represents the clash of human Hubris and divine Nemesis until his irony acquires "tremendous force from its apparent substantiation by the naked facts;" that the great Eiron of Dialogue is the Platonic Socrates, whose irony was manifested as "emotion tempered by common sense, common sense transfigured by emotion." Lucian, at last, was the link between ancient and modern irony because he made irony satirical and used it for defense. This weapon of his was handed down to Erasmus, More, and Rabelais.

A brief review of Roman irony shows less irony in Latin literature than in Greek, and that imitative. There are particularly illuminating pages on Horace and on Tacitus who writing on "the wrath of God upon the Roman people" "with hue like that when some great painter dips his pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse" manifested the Apocalypse of the tragic irony.

But this was not all.

> The tragic irony found its way into the modern world. . . . The thoughts of men about life and death may change, or at least be cheered by a new hope, but life and death themselves remain, and while they remain can never fail to provide a sufficiency of tragic matter. The problem of evil, the problem of unmerited suffering, is with us as much as with the ancients. We have dropped one answer to the Sphinx, but she has not yet cast herself from her rock. There is still on her lips that smile which we call irony. How to interpret it is the business of philosophy, perhaps of religion. How to express it is the business of art. And this we learned from the Greeks.

That final paragraph suggests the author's distinguished style, but only the book itself with its *lucidus ordo*, fine insight, delicate appreciations, and *lo bello stile* can show how truly it presents the problems of

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

From the Other World

THE HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM. By Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. 2 vols. $7.50.

ALL of us who remember our youth owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. But even in those far-off days of "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," and the adventures of the egregious "Sherlock Holmes," he never wrote a better children's story than his "History of Spiritualism." We accompany Swedenborg to his amazing paradise; we hear the "speaking with tongues" in Edward Erving's church; we watch the incursion of Red Indian spirits among the Shakers; we listen to Andrew Jackson Davis's prophecy in mesmeric trance; we are present at the historic midnight scene of March 31, 1848, when Kate Fox snapped her fingers, crying, "Here, old Splitfoot, do as I do," and *the knockings instantly responded* (italics Doyle's); and thenceforth, the introduction over, we move among ever greater marvels, perceiving Henry Slade pass material objects through one another, D. D. Home fly across the air, Katie King grow and diminish, Eusapia Palladino put forth strange ectoplasmic limbs, and spooks innumerable, felt and weighed and photographed. But when one asks what basis of fact lies behind this interesting narrative he gets no satisfactory answer. The author is so careless of elementary historical scholarship that he rarely refers to his sources and when he does the footnote nearly always points to some Spiritualistic magazine. His "History" is made up largely of hearsay evidence; such statements as the following abound:

"Hundreds of respectable citizens of Buffalo *are reported* to have seen these occurrences."

"He *was said* to know no German, yet messages in German appeared on the slates."

This sort of testimony the author regards as entirely conclusive. On the other hand, the exposures of Slade, Monk, Eusapia Palladino,—and even the confession of Margaret Fox herself,—fail to shake his faith in those very mediums. The negative reports of investigations at the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, the Sorbonne, and elsewhere are all discredited. The Society for Psychical Research comes in for sharp criticism because of its exaggerated skepticism! All in all, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle impresses one as perhaps the worst judge of historical evidence that could possibly be found.

Nor is one's confidence restored by "Pheneas Speaks," the record of alleged spirit communications to Sir Arthur's wife, which she obtained through automatic writing or in a state of semi-trance. Pheneas claims to be an Arabian who lived at Ur of the Chaldees before the time of Abraham. Possibly this accounts for the fact that his English never rises above the level of the first reader; yet this seems improbable because several other spirits who occasionally chime in speak in exactly the same style. The messages of Pheneas offer hygienic advice—"Take bismuth twice a day;" alluring pictures of heaven as a quiet park-like place—"We have got a most beautiful—oh, beautiful! space of green grass, very open and large, where they have wonderful games, every game," where, best of all, "There will be no motor cars or noise to disturb the wonderful beauty;" personal encouragement—"You have a great work set apart for you to do; it is a beautiful work, and . . . you will get great advancement in the other world through it;" praise of the medium—"She will be wonderful. She has God's great work to do;" much talk of the immediate second coming of Christ—to England, naturally—when "the things which are done in God's name which are cruel and wicked will not be able to exist. All shams will be swept away by then, and only truth will live . . . There will be a great change in the manner of life in the world . . . People will live for real things, not shams, for God and for their neighbors." If these messages are veridic, Sir Arthur and his wife must have come in touch with the most repetitious bore that ever got into heaven by mistake. The idea of spending an eternity with Pheneas makes the thought of annihilation very sweet.

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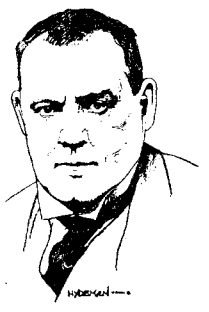

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Books of Special Interest

War—A Diagnosis

THE EVOLUTION OF WAR. A MARXIAN STUDY. By EMANUEL KANTER. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. 1927. $1.

CAUSES OF WAR AND THE NEW REVOLUTION. By TELL A. TURNER. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1927. $2.

WAR—CAUSE AND CURE. (The Handbook Series). By JULIA E. JOHNSEN. New York: H. W. Wilson Company. 1926. $2.40.

STATESMANSHIP OR WAR? By JOHN MCAULEY PALMER, Brigadier-General, U. S. A., Retired. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

WHEN one considers their importance and the length of time the human race has been suffering because of its failure to eliminate them, the causes of war have been singularly little studied. Indeed, if we except the writings of G. Lowes Dickinson, Oscar Crosby, and a few others, there have been practically no books of genuine importance on what is, after all, the chief problem of the twentieth century. Such an opinion neglects, of course, the all-too-plentiful maunderings of the professional pacifists; but as these are for the most part purely emotional efforts to deal with a problem that primarily demands intellectual solution, what else can one do but neglect them?

Nor do the three latest books on the causes of war offer very notable contributions to the literature of this neglected subject. The fieriest of the three is Emanuel Kanter's Marxian solution of the puzzle. It is all quite simple—Mr. Kanter turns you off a neat solution while you wait in precisely one hundred and twenty-three pages. War is due to Capitalism—with a big C, please; and it will be done away with by Communism—which requires an even bigger C and, if possible, red ink. A solemn, discursive little book, with abundant allusion to primitive practices, Homer, cannibalism, American Indians, and innumerable encyclopedia articles and books by other people. Prehistoric man's supposed habits, of course, offer convenient argument for almost anything, because nobody really knows much about them and our unfortunate ancestors are not here to defend themselves.

Savages and barbarians, according to Mr. Kanter, are on the whole peacable and well-disposed—one wonders, how he knows—and rarely undertake military operations more ambitious than raids to secure captives for sacrifice or slaves. But you can't call that war. "The basis for the relative peacefulness of barbarians is found in the fact that private property in the means of production, as well as the division of society into warring classes, is nowhere fully developed." Later on in the process of social evolution, "the State and the private ownership of land usher in Civilization, the Society of War *par excellence*."

The last stage of all, which will assuredly end this sad eventful history, is Communism—"and in such a society," says trustful Mr. Kanter, "War and Revolution will have become a social anachronism." This will be news to the Chinese associates of Mr. Borodin, who have lately been giving an exceedingly practical demonstration of a somewhat different doctrine. It will also be news to the Polish soldiers who only a few years ago watched the Communist armies sweep almost to the gates of Warsaw, and who of late have anticipated the necessity of facing a war with the only organized Communist state!

The most important part of Mr. Tell A. Turner's "Causes of War"—and that is not very important—consists of "brief narratives of the principal wars from the Spanish Armada, 1588, to the Treaties of Locarno, 1025." His lists of the causes of each conflict would be valuable if he had the least idea of the distinction between fundamental and merely precipitating causes, or any conception of documentation. "Causes of War" is a well-meant, futile little book, which ends with a solemn prophecy of "the momentous revolution that is now pending." Let nobody, however, get excited and look under the bed for a Bolshevik. This revolution will be merely a "war to end war." Somehow, that phrase seems familiar.

Mr. Turner also observes that President Coolidge is neither a visionary nor an alarmist—which nobody can deny.

A refreshing contrast to this windy idealism, and by far the best of the three books, is Miss Julia E. Johnsen's unpretentious and useful little compilation, "War—Cause and Cure," which is primarily intended as a guide to undergraduate debaters, but which is equally convenient for any one else interested in the subject. It brings together a mass of magazine articles, some of which, at least, are worth preserving; and it provides an extended bibliography of genuine value.

Brigadier-General Palmer's "Statesmanship or War" is a downright, soldierly book which deals neither in lofty generalizations nor in pious platitudes. General Palmer is concerned not with the causes of war but solely with the proper military policy for the defense of the United States, which he believes is to be found in a modification of the Swiss system of military training for every able-bodied male citizen. It is surprising to find a professional soldier advocating reduction of the Regular Army; but then, General Palmer is by no means an ordinary soldier.

He distinguishes between offensive and defensive armaments, pointing out that the former foster war, whereas the latter promote peace; but unhappily he fails to define his terms; nor does he adequately explain the obvious contradiction between his conception and the maxim that the best defense is an offensive. Presumably General Palmer would retort that the ocean barriers to east and west of the United States make an ordinary American armament defensive only, simply because there is no other country within reaching distance. But, in spite of the traditional good feeling, which will in all probability endure forever, Canada might not regard a great American army—even a citizen army—with equanimity; and Mexico certainly would not.

At any rate, General Palmer pins his faith to what Washington describes as a "respectably defensive posture,"—a phrase which the Father of his Country encloses in quotation marks,—which would enable the United States to defend its Continental possessions, Panama, and Hawaii, without threatening other nations. The Regular Army would then constitute simply an expeditionary force, large enough for emergencies, but too small to alarm other nations, and it would also provide a staff and other necessary organizations. But wherever possible, General Palmer would leave training in the hands of the citizen-officer, choosing him carefully and demanding a high standard of military attainment to avoid past disasters with militia.

Sane and well-informed as most of General Palmer's book is, it is a distinct shock to find him totally ignorant of the transformation which accepted views on responsibility for the World War have undergone in the last few years.

The fact that his views on world politics are out of date is incidental, however, and does not invalidate his extremely intelligent ideas of American military policy.

Russian Folk Lore

KRYLOV'S FABLES. Translated into English verse by Sir Bernard Pares. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by PITIRIM SOROKIN

WHAT la Fontaine is in French, Æsop in Greek, or the "Pilgrim's Progress" in English, Krylov's Fables are in Russian. Published between 1809 and 1844, they at once became classical in Russian literature; passed into Russian proverbs; became a part of the Russian folklore; and are still as fresh and popular now as at the time of their publication. They are a concentrated expression of the wit, and humor, and common sense of the Russian nation. Like other classical fables, they are the most national in their character, and at the same time, quite cosmopolitan, equally comprehensive for all nations and for all age-groups.

Sir Bernard Pares's translation has now made them accessible for English readers, and especially for English children. The translation itself is a real masterpiece. Krylov's adequate translation into a foreign language is almost impossible. And yet, the translator has succeeded in expressing in English Krylov's style, idioms, metre; in brief, he gave in English the real Krylov's Fables. Only the talent of the translator, and twenty years of work over the translation can explain such an artistic achievement.

Pirandello Plays

"EACH IN HIS OWN WAY" AND TWO OTHER PLAYS. By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. Translated by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by CLEVELAND B. CHASE

IT is doubtful whether the publication of translations of three more of Pirandello's plays will add greatly to his reputation in this country. Not that the plays are not up to his standard—quite to the contrary. But they impress us anew with the fact that he is a dramatist with such an *ideé fixe* that he seems to have reduced play writing to a formula. Each of his plays is only an attempt to pound in with new evidence his not so original conviction that all reality is fictitious, and that human beings don't act, or rather, react logically. To quote Mr. Livingston's prefatory note, "Stripping reality of the attributes that make it seem to us most real, reducing personality to a fleeting, changing moment, identifying illusion with reality and vice versa . . . Pirandello makes people over into something like ghosts . . . We experience a certain bewilderment, a certain tense strain, a 'torment of the spirit' . . . This mood . . . is the essence of his art."

Pirandello has taken a leaf from the humorists' manual, and has applied the *reductio ad absurdum* to logical theories about life. The resultant discrepancies, however, he takes with the utmost seriousness. Writers from the days of the Greeks to those of our own Will Rogers have remarked the contrary unwillingness of human beings to be logical. In "Candide" Voltaire sketched the subject with unsurpassed wit and penetration. But Pirandello must needs get upset about it. With Latin volubility he shakes us by the shoulders and shouts, "Look here! Things aren't what they seem!" To which it has ever been the custom of the world to reply, "But, of course, they never were."

His is an amusing point of view, but he varies the formula too little. His plays are nothing but comments on life, and his comment is essentially the same, whatever the immediate point under discussion. An intelligent person will get him the first or, at any rate, the second time. After that his repetition of the theme gets dull. And the unintelligent reader—or listener—won't ever discover what he is driving at, anyhow.

Of the three plays here translated, "Each in His Own Way," an example of Pirandello's method at its best, suggests the manner of the author's first Broadway success, "Six Characters in Search of an Author." If the latter may be said to be the drama of writing a play, the former is the drama of the presentation of a play. "The Pleasure of Honesty" is an involved affair which seeks vaguely and vainly for some working definition of honesty. "Naked," the last of the three, failed when it was produced in New York last autumn. It takes up the question of the wrong man does woman by idealizing her.

Ancient Towns

VANISHED CITIES OF NORTHERN AFRICA. By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE and MAJOR BENTON FLETCHER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $6.

THIS is a book for the special reader rather than the general public. It is written for the student of antiquity and archæology, for the reader who prefers his fireside travel to be touched with the authenticity of historical data rather than the enthusiasm of a fired imagination. For a popular travel book, its minute searchings make for monotonous reading. It suffers too much from the dust of class room style and has not enough of the burning, picturesque sands of the desert. On the other hand, for those who would like nothing better than to go with pick and shovel along the northern strip of the Dark Continent, eyes ever on the alert for footprints of those Roman conquerors whose lives are so inextricably bound up with the misfortunes of the ancient cities of the North African coast, there is much interesting information presented in a straightforward and orderly manner. The book abounds in dates, names of battles, and famous Roman, Carthaginian, and Arab solders. In addition one will find a veritable catalogue of museums and ruins where may be examined everything of importance bearing upon the heyday of the vanished cities of Northern Africa.

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A London Letter

By Louis Untermeyer

COMING back to London after a year's absence I find it is no longer considered good form to talk about literature. The more determinedly intelligent among the intelligentzia are several leaps ahead of Gilbert Seldes and his "Seven Lively Arts." Even the latest of light arts, far from being lively, is appraised (if considered at all) in terms of the lugubrious. "Technique" is something applied to a "system" at roulette; "form" concerns a cricket match; "style" is mere "shop" and, hence, taboo. This, of course, is only relatively true; contrariwise, the publishers' announcements have seldom been so bright and (as one of them confided to me) so "American" in tone. Moreover, it was pleasant to arrive in the midst of a controversy—two of them in fact.

The first of these was provoked by the annual H. G. Wells novel and centres about H. G. in general. Once more, he has introduced "real characters" in what the critics variously judge to be a work of fiction, a piece of polemics, a diary of oddments, an essay in education, and a system of philosophy. Meanwhile, Ernest Benn, Ltd., has forced a reconsideration of the newest and the earliest Wells by accomplishing a minor miracle in book-manufacture. "The Short Stories of H. G. Wells" is a volume of more than eleven hundred pages; it contains sixty-three tales (some of them as long as "The Time Machine"); it is not only carefully but decoratively printed; and it sells for seven shillings, sixpence! The collection, *per se*, is of first importance—especially for even the sketchiest estimate of Wells. Considered only as a prophet of the material world, this volume establishes him. It is true that the theory of time as a fourth dimension did not originate with him, but the central *motif* of "The Time Machine" brings the reader closer to Einstein than all the subsequent interpreters. The tanks, those armored behemoths, first startled an incredible world during the Great War, but "The Land Ironclads" was first published in 1903. Yet it is not as either prophet or politician that Wells bids fair to survive, but as teller of some of the most extraordinary fairy tales that ever delighted adults. Rarely have fantasy and horror been so delicately combined as in "The Valley of Spiders" or "Pollock and the Porrah Man" or "Jimmy Goggles the God" or "The Plattner Story." But—and here the young and quite forgotten romancer will prove to be a Wells of purest fancy undefiled to this generation—"The Door in the Wall," "The Magic Shop," "The Country of the Blind" (possibly the finest short story in the language) reveal, what so few of his critics have ackowledged, the instinctive lover of beauty. Countless essays (and at least four books) have been written about Wells the Educator, Wells the Agitator, Wells the Bourgeois Realist, Wells the Historian, Wells the This, That, and the Other. But I do not recall any examination—and this collection will be sure to force one—of Wells the Poet.

Poetry furnished the setting for the other controversy and Humbert Wolfe was its centre. Wolfe had already published some half-dozen volumes which critics had definitely praised and readers had, even more definitely, refused to read. "Kensington Gardens," for example, was the sort of volume that, unlike Barrie or Milne, should have appealed to the admirers of both. The public, however, would have little or none of it. Whereupon, after two more volumes which made even less impression, Wolfe issued his most difficult and ambitious work, "Requiem," sombre in tone with a structure as involved as a fugue. And "Requiem" promptly went into its sixth printing. This success had little to do with the merits of Wolfe's poetry *qua* poetry and much with the curious reception encountered by the latest volume. The first few reviews hailed "Requiem" with unstinted extravagance and its author as "the greatest living poet." Roused by these superlatives, the opposition denounced Wolfe's rhetoric, his symbolism, his choice of subjects, his "suspended rhymes," his editing of the new series of the Augustan (or Sixpenny) Poets, everything in short except Wolfe's conduct in the Ministry of Labor.

The issue was joined with less and less critical judgment; it reached comic disproportions when Hugh M'Diarmid (in *The New Age*) accused J. Middleton Murry of having used his (M'Diarmid's) points of attack as the base of his (Murry's) animadversions in *The Scots Observer*. Whereupon Murry replied by printing in the first issue of his own reorganized quarterly, *The New Adelphi*, the only detached and dispassionate critique of Wolfe that has appeared in England. (The review incidentally was the work of an American, Robert Hillyer.)

Meanwhile, Wolfe's publishers have not allowed their presses (or Wolfe) to remain idle. Wolfe's "Others Abide," two hundred rhymed epigrams from the Greek Anthology, has just been issued and has already been praised by James Stephens; twelve of his new Sixpenny Poets (including Donne and Edward Lear) will make their debut before the end of the year; and as a final exhibit of versatility this indefatigable poet has in preparation a set of metrical stories and satires for children to be called "Cursory Rhymes."

Another disproof of the often-encountered "Poetry doesn't sell" has been vouchsafed by Faber and Gwyer with their Ariel Poems. This series consists of a number of three page booklets (nine of them to date) each of which contains one hitherto unpublished short poem, a colored illustration, and a cover by some well-known artist. The series began with Hardy's "Yuletide in a Younger World" with two drawings by Albert Rutherston, and now includes T. S. Eliot's most recent "Journey of the Magi" (in tone curiously like MacLeish's "Bleheris" and Aiken's later monologues), with drawings by McKnight Kauffer, Chesterton's "Gloria in Profundis," De la Mare's "Alone," and Sassoon's "Nativity." The illustrated pamphlets are extremely decorative and since they cost only a shilling, will probably be used instead of broadsides and Christmas cards.

Hardy continues to defy time and criticism. His "Yuletide in a Younger World" is not merely the best of the poems in the Ariel series, but the freshest. And Hardy is eighty-seven. No wonder there are so few "new" poets. What's the use, the discomfited beginners must cry, when "the grand old man" continues to write younger (and, incidentally, more experimental) verse than the youngest of the newcomers. If Hardy should live to be ninety, his octogenarian work will, in all likelihood prove to be his finest poetry. If he survives his hundredth birthday, the anthologies of the period will contain nothing but selections from Thomas Hardy

To sound the other extreme, a casual mention of the fact that I was still engaged on a collection of the World's Worst Poetry has brought me countless specimens of the Victorian era. Unfortunately, most of these are assigned to "Anonymous" and, since the work is to be an eminently scholarly one, the sources must be "fixed." Possibly some reader has definite information concerning two glorious but, alas, severed couplets. The first is supposed to have been the climax of a broadside circulated upon the death of Queen Victoria. It runs:

Dust to dust and ashes to ashes:
Into her tomb the great Queen dashes.

And this, my informant assured me, was from one of the bucolic idyls by Alfred Austin, once Poet Laureate, but I have been unable to track down the memorable lines:

Spring has come; the Winter is over;
The cuckoo flower gets mauver and mauver.

Other things than poetry are making this autumn lively for writers and readers. One hears, on every hand, of Tomlinson's "Gallions Reach," Susan Ertz's "Now East, Now West" (not to be confused with Felix Riesenberg's novel of New York), "Greenlow," by Romer Wilson, J. Middleton Murry's reorganized quarterly, *The New Adelphi*, the forthcoming "Are They the Same at Home?" by the audacious Beverley Nichols. For this reader, however, the fall lists were even more distinguished by the "Collected Poems 1914-1926," of Robert Graves, "Rustic Elegies," by Edith Sitwell, "A Survey of Modernist Poetry," a collaboration by Laura Riding (once Gottschalk) and Robert Graves, the popular reprint of "Selected Poems," by James Elroy Flecker, and A. E. Coppard's exquisitely made "Pelagea." But of these the American publishers will undoubtedly have more to say.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

FOR the convenience of readers who perhaps missed last week's announcement of "The Wits' Weekly," the details are reprinted here. Part of this page will, in future, be devoted to a series of Literary Competitions. A new problem will be set each week. Numbers 1 and 2, proposed in our last issue, are repeated below. Number 3 will be set next week.

1. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best serious lyric written in not more than four ordinary limerick stanzas. (*Entries for this competition must be mailed in time to reach* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *office not later than the morning of October 17th.*)
2. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most characteristic fragment, in not more than 350 words, from the preface to "Columbus—A Comedy," by George Bernard Shaw. (*Entries for this competition must be mailed in time to reach* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *office not later than the morning of October 24th.*)

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The entries for Competition No. 1 will be reviewed and the prize awarded in our issue of October 29.

Intending competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

I cannot take any credit to myself for the idea of the test competition which I set last week. Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, and Leonard Bacon were offered a prize of one cent for

> The best short nonsense lyric beginning with
> the line, "It's daffodil time in New Zealand."

There once was such a lyric. It was written by an undergraduate friend of mine, but, so far as I know, never printed. All that I can now recall is the chorus which was helped out by a tune that must have been begotten by a Salvation Army hymn on a Victorian drawing-room ballad:

> It's daffodil time in New Zealand
> Down where the kiwi sings,
> The homeland, the fair land, the free land,
> Whose sons are the scions of kings;
> Under the old eucalyptus,
> Where the lithe platypi roam
> Each southern Spring
> Daffodils bring
> Mem'ries of Ho-ome Swe-eet Ho-ome!

I hope this will not take any wind out of the competitors' sails. Mr. Bacon writes to me asking whether the eland is an Australasian bird; but I am not giving away any hints about rhymes. So far, Mr. Morley has sustained an awful silence, "apart, sat on a hill retired." Personally, I am backing Mr. Benét to win the prize. No outsiders have entered up to the time of writing, but anything may happen before the rival lyrics appear in the next *Saturday Review*.

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RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with these rules will be disqualified)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left hand corner.
2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or psuedonym of the author. Only one side of the paper should be used. Prose entries must be clearly marked off at the end of each fifty words. MSS. cannot be returned.
3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry. The decision of the Competitions Editor is final and he can in no circumstances enter into correspondence.

"MODERN readers," says *John O' London's Weekly*, "are apt to imagine that tales of fantastic adventure are of modern growth, but the Greeks in this, as in most forms of literary effort, were our predecessors. The Grecian public was as avid of marvelous adventures as we are: so much so that Lucian, who flourished in the second century A. D., felt compelled to satirize the too-prolific romancers who wrote of their adventures as being actual events. He wrote his 'Veracious History' to poke fun at them and, at the same time, rebuke the public for their credulity. Unfortunately, as he confesses in his preface, he had never had any extraordinary adventures. Still, that is of small disadvantage, for it occurred to him that he might resort to lying as other writers did. But he points out that he differs from his rivals in this: they asserted that their narratives were true; he acknowledged that his story was pure fiction.

He set sail and traversed the Mediterranean in safety till he had passed the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). But soon after he met with a tremendous storm; the whirlwind carried the ship into the air, and he gave up all hope. But by happy chance he landed on the Moon. . . .

"His description of life on this planet strains credulity. There are no women: children are born from the calf of a man's leg, though some are produced by certain plants. The inhabitants do not die but dissolve into smoke when their days are ended. They can take out their eyes at pleasure. They eat by snuffing up the scent of frogs, which fly about in the air. . . .

"There is no need to multiply his extravagances, which outdo those of Munchausen, who is supposed to have taken some hints from the 'Veracious History.' Oddly enough, Lucian wrote another account of a Voyage to the Moon in one of his 'Dialogues.' In this the Cynic philosopher, Menippus, reached the moon by attaching wings to his shoulders like Icarus. The outrageous adventures of the 'Veracious History' are wanting, and Lucian devotes his pages to a cutting satire on the warring sects of philosophers."

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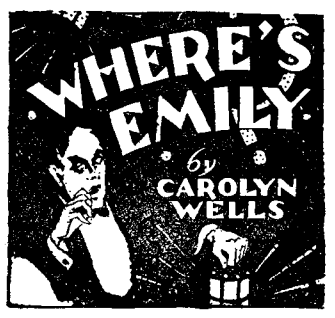

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Points of View

More on False Shift

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of July 23 Miss—or is it Mrs.?—Margaret Patterson's remarks concerning the substitution of "desolate" for "perilous" in Keats's famous lines in the "Ode to a Nightingale" admit of no rebuttal, but her further comment on the particular stanza in which these lines occur is not as satisfactory.

She contends that the shift from the beautiful "human" figure:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn:

to the "supernatural" ending of this magnificent stanza:

The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn

"throws the mood completely out of kilter, setting up a feeling which cannot be harmonized with the rest of the figure. . . . Fine as it is, it is guilty, within itself, of the same faulty shift in mood which the word 'desolate' accomplishes when it is substituted for 'perilous.'"

This contention, by disregarding the actual meaning of the stanza, both as to mood and thought, in its relation to the rest of the poem, might possibly be correct. But "the suggestion of unearthly power through its effect on something not-human, rather than through its own fine mystery to human beings, seems to me a false shift," can only be correct if there occurs any "suggestion of unearthly power through its effect on something not-human." As no such "suggestion" can be found when the lines are not misinterpreted, then it must follow that the statement is not correct.

And why?

In the first place, the connotation of every word in these two beautiful lines of "elegant stuffing" bears directly upon or is derived from "faery lands"—"not fairyland the country of little elves dancing in fairy rings in the meadows, but the faery-land of old romance, of King Arthur and "Palmerin." (Amy Lowell, "John Keats," II, p. 253.) In this case, then, the words "charmed" and "magic" give a perfect completeness to the figure but do not connote the "supernatural" so much as the exotic romanticism of the old medieval tales of chivalry.

In the second place, this stanza is an invocation to the nightingale's song based upon the sense of hearing—the auditory sense. The song is heard, generally, "by emperor and clown" and those brave knights of old and their fair ladies who resided behind "magic casements;" specifically, by Ruth. Thus, the "shift" is only one of degree; an absolute necessity because Keats repudiated reality for imagination and a spiritual affinity when he exclaimed:

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy—

That is, in his imagination, he identifies himself or his spirit with the song or the spirit—as eternal as his own—which is or produces this song. Hence, when he breaks into the paeans of praise, which is the climax of the emotional intensity of the poems, and refers to the bird's song as something eternal, like life—an emblem or symbol of the immortality of beauty—he does so by the general reference to the past in terms of hearing.

It is also to be remembered that the term "emperor," qualified by "in ancient days," must refer, therefore, to the Ceasars or, possibly, to such European rulers as Charlemagne, Henry IV, and Rudolph I, all of whom reigned prior to 1300. "Clown," in this instance, means jester—an institution that had flourished during the Middle Ages, but which had almost entirely disappeared by 1700. Ruth antedates all of these references. But Keats, having very carefully shown how long ago the song was heard, had to bring his main thought back to the realm of Poesy—which he accomplished by still keeping in the past, but not so remote a past, a past that is eternal because it lives in the imagination and bases itself upon legend rather than fact. Such a past, however, can hardly be termed "supernatural." Moreover, with this transition, the Poet has returned to his starting point and the poem, as does the song,

. . . fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep
in the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

In the third place, in no way does Keats mean by the introduction of Ruth any religious connotation or symbolism whatever. Ruth, weary for home, as he himself was weary for death—his brother, Tom, had only recently died—heard the song and, as it comforted him, so did he conceive in his imagination had it soothed her. Primarily, however, this figure demonstrates by specific emphasis the enduring quality of the song of a bird "not born for death."

And, finally, while "the whole poem is an expression of the nightingale's effect on a very human Keats" it is an effect of spiritual kinship and identity—of understanding. The song, to Keats, was an expression of truth in terms of beauty—his own ideal: read the "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—and his response was a poem that embodies this emotional reaction. But there is nothing "unearthly" here—only a beauty of the imagination that rises to one of the greatest emotional culminations in all lyrical poetry.

However, whether or not my attempted explanation be more correct in its approximation of what Keats meant than Miss Patterson's, I cannot but agree with Amy Lowell when she says (*John Keats*, II, p. 172):

"Where a poet has made undeniable beauty, the critic does well who refrains from applying a rule of thumb."

MORGAN B. COX.
Hollywood, California.

A Repudiation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A friend has sent me an American publisher's list—that of Macy-Masius—in which, to my surprise, I find a page devoted to a description of a forthcoming "book of mine" entitled "One Might Do Worse."

In the interests of those who may be subscribing to it I think I ought to say that, beyond writing a preface and supplying its author with some photographs, I have had nothing whatever to do with the compilation of this book. It is not by myself at all; I have no contract for it, nor have I corresponded about it with any publisher or agent. Whoever buys it under the impression that I am the author or editor is being misled.

NORMAN DOUGLAS.
Florence, Italy.

"The Dark Chamber"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of September 10th there appeared a review of "The Dark Chamber" by Leonard Cline, which brings to my mind the general untrustworthiness of book reviews in bringing a book to the particular people who might enjoy it. Every work, of course, has the defects of its own qualities, and if you'll read the preface to "Mademoiselle Maupin" by Gautier you will see how amusingly he shows that reviews are adroit on picking upon what is missing. If a tale is romantic they want realism, if packed with thrills they ask for rest and quiet, and so on.

Now, to my mind, "The Dark Chamber" is a particular, strange story that occupies a niche all its own. I question the taste of the Viking Press in insisting upon comparing it with Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher." There is no connection between the two. In language that is rich and melodious Mr. Cline has created a special atmosphere that holds with its mysterious music. To say, as Mr. Allan Nevins does, that the style is marked "often by an inability to distinguish between what is beautiful and what is merely precious" is, I maintain, a college freshman type of criticism. And it is not an "experiment in horror." One might gain an impression it was a cheap melodrama instead of the work of a genuine artist of words and moods.

It is only that I am afraid that the very people who would love "The Dark Chamber" will never get an opportunity to read it if they pay any attention to this review that I am writing you. When one has enjoyed a beautiful experience, and feels like communicating the pleasure, it is a shock to stumble on something like this review. To one who is bored by the long drawn out technical observation of most modern fiction, and books that only shock—or are supposed to do so—by dirty little injections of sex—"The Dark Chamber" comes as a great relief. It is like Chopin after jazz. I quite disagree with Mr. Nevins when he says "the book does not quite come off." There must be other readers who agree with me that this is the most rounded work, in a difficult form, of the present season.

JOHN WILSTACH.
Rhinebeck, New York.

Magazine Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A most delightful story appears in the current number of *Scribner's*—a story so much more enjoyable than most of the short fiction appearing today that it carries one back to twenty years ago, when our magazines were printing stories that were stories. This "story that is a story" is called "A Gentleman from the Argentine." It is full of color and beauty; all of the characters are as rich as in a Harding Davis novel; the action is in London, Paris, and New York, opening in Newport and taking us to France, to a lovely "chateau on the Chantilly road," where the gentleman from the Argentine is wooing a fair young American, named Elinor. He is incredibly rich, impossibly noble, but (sad to say) has reached the unromantic age of forty-three. Elinor flies with a younger lover, and this gives opportunity for a spirited pursuit by varied conveyance;—first, by Rolls-Royce, then by aeroplane, and lastly by a private car which the Argentine purchases offhand, flinging its astonished owner a check for a thousand English pounds. But in spite of his flamboyance, he wins our sympathy more and more as the story proceeds, until he thrills us with a bit of true emotion. In the end he is the hero of the narrative.

Incidentally, the story contains a spirited account of a polo game, which the "gentleman" almost wins by his own unaided efforts. There is plenty of local color; as we are whirled from scene to scene, the author never neglects to paint in his backgrounds—as, for instance:

"I had time to feel the welcome of the friendly English countryside; climbing roses—thatched roofs—a clear and tiny river that spiralled through the little fields." And again: "the shadowy oak-beamed taproom." The descriptive touches are perfect.

Of course, the enjoyment of any story is mostly a matter of taste. Those who care to read of a bare-footed girl, lying in a hay-mow, kicking up her heels and staring out at the plowed fields of a Minnesota farm, might not care for this story at all. But as for me, I prefer fiction that is colorful, fiction that puts me in mind of a band of a hundred pieces, led by a spirited leader, playing in a white-pillared bandstand set in a glorious park of palms and rhododendrons, under an indigo sky where glows a golden sun that gilds the world with its rays while diffusing a gentle warmth that induces peace and contentment.

"A Gentleman from the Argentine" is quite to my taste. I found it truly delightful, and seek this opportunity to call it to the attention of your readers.

ROGER SPRAGUE.
Imola, Calif.

William Bateson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. C. K. Ogden, in your issue of September 24th, page 132, does, it seems to me, an injustice to the late Professor William Bateson which you surely owe it to his memory to correct.

What Bateson stated in Canada (at the meeting of the American Association in December 1921, see *Science* for January 1922) was that the paleontological record affords no evidence of how new species have arisen. Nor does variation. Further, no experiment so far conceived has been able to bring about an artificial change of species.

This, I believe, he never recanted. So far as the Encyclopedia Britannica is concerned, he repeated there precisely the same statements that he had made in Canada. Mr. Ogden quotes from the article "Mendelism." But he naturally uses words of Bateson torn from their context. In the article "Genetics" Bateson wrote: "That the forms of life have been evolved from dissimilar precedent forms we know from the geographical record, but as to the process by which this evolution has come to pass we are still in ignorance."

MONTGOMERY BELGION.
New York.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES. By *Eugene E. Slocum*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE LEGACY OF ISRAEL. Edited by *Edwyn Bevan* and *Charles Singer*. Oxford. $4.

POETRY AND MYTH. By *Frederick Clarke Prescott*. Macmillan. $2.

Biography

THE LETTERS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT. Collected and edited by EDWARD S. NOYES. Harvard University Press. 1927.

This small volume is nevertheless the largest collection of Smollett's letters ever made. It contains the text of sixty-eight, fifteen of them heretofore unpublished. Twenty-eight is the largest number before in one volume. They are not in themselves very interesting, except biographically. There is no good critical biography of Smollett, and much of his life is obscure. Sooner or later some scholar will endeavor by a Smollett to rival Professor Cross's Fielding. Professor Noyes's "Notes" here indicate that, if he ever makes the attempt, it will be a thorough piece of work.

MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE THE GREAT. Translated by KATHERINE ANTHONY. Knopf. 1927.

It is surprising that no one has anticipated Miss Anthony in translating some new memoirs of Catherine II, which, after being long suppressed, were finally published in Russia in 1907 and in Germany in 1913. From the German edition by Erich Bohme, Miss Anthony has translated both text and notes. In these memoirs Catherine writes concerning her first years in Russia before her husband the Grand Duke Peter ascended the throne. She pictures a German girl of fifteen suddenly plunged into the suspicious atmosphere and constant intrigues of the Russian Court. She is almost a prisoner, her every word and action spied upon and interpreted as disobedience or disrespect. Peter is a childish almost degenerate youth who plays with dolls at the age of twenty while Catherine sits by reading unless he forces her to play at soldier and shoulder arms at his command. The Empress Elizabeth is tyrannical and jealous. The court is a fen of ignorance and corruption. Yet through it all the girl of from fifteen to twenty is obedient and docile because she is strengthened by the principles of reason and virtue and because she is ambitious.

No one, I think, would take Catherine's story at its face value. Besides containing many factual contradictions, it is clearly a self-justification, one of those "appeals to posterity" so popular in the eighteenth century. Indeed Catherine pictures herself as more innocent and guileless in this Memoir than is the well-known one brought out by Herzen. There is less political intrigue on her part, nothing of her first amour during the lifetime of Peter, less detail of a scurrilous nature, though the Memoir is coarse enough in spots. Catherine endows herself as a child with a fortitude and fixity of purpose which she could scarcely have possessed. She also is writing partly to amuse because she likes to be amusing. The Memoir reveals her character at the time at which she wrote but beyond this its historical value is small.

THE DIARY OF ELBRIDGE GERRY, JR. With a preface and footnotes by CLAUDE G. BOWERS. Brentano's. 1927. $2.50.

The son of Vice-President Gerry, a lad of twenty-one, set out in the spring of 1813 for a horseback journey from Boston to Washington; traveling by way of Worcester, Hartford, Haverstraw, Easton, Pa., and Bethlehem across the mountains to Pittsburgh, thence through a corner of Ohio into Virginia, and on to the capital. The journey was for his health. Much of the way he was accompanied by two young lawyer-friends, going to "the Western Countries" to establish a law practice. Naturally his name was a passport everywhere to the best society, though for the most part he was among crude and uncultivated people. In dingy taverns and hospital homes he took time to jot down the chief incidents of his two months of wayfaring.

The result is mildly entertaining but decidedly unimportant. Young Mr. Gerry's observations are generally rather juvenile. He met only a few important persons. One was President Madison, whom he found reclining on a White House settee, looking "pale and wan," and "bearing the marks of age and a very strong mind." Another was, of course, Dolly Madison, whose elegant form, fine complexion, and dignified manners impressed him, and who wore "a yellow silk gown rather loose and plain, a neat bonnet, a cravat around her neck, spangled cloth shoes." Some hoydenish girls of the city interested him a great deal more than did James Monroe or the preparations to repel the British fleet, which was at one time reported coming up the Potomac, and only fifty miles distant. In the course of his travels he visited many interesting towns, but of only two of them, the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem and the thriving little industrial centre of Pittsburgh, are his descriptions at all noteworthy. Long before he reached Pittsburgh his eye was caught by "the black volume of smoke issuing from the various furnaces and darkening the whole atmosphere around," and once he was within the city he was dismayed by "a confused and intermingled sound of the hammer, the machine and the mill."

The discomforts of vermin-infested inns; the difficulties of crossing the Alleghenies by the Laurel Hill road; the penny-gripping tendencies of the Connecticut farmers; the enormous size of the barns of the "Pennsylvania Dutch;" the loose and careless methods of the Virginia planters—these are well-worn topics, discussed by all travelers of the time. Young Mr. Gerry has nothing original to say upon any of them. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is its negative evidence that most Americans were not excited by the war with England or even greatly interested in it. Mr. Bowers has done his work as editor well. He has, however, fallen into a curious error in supposing that the diarist passed through Plymouth, Vt., the birthplace of President Coolidge. The context shows that it was the Connecticut hamlet of that name.

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM MACLAY. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $4.

One eminent historian, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, has called Maclay a man of "sullen, mean, and envious mind;" even Dr. Beard, who is an admirer of the diarist, has spoken of him in an earlier volume as "querulous." Maclay described himself as "rather rigid and uncomplying in my temper." But it is precisely this acidity which gives his record of the sessions of the first Congress its immortality. A Democrat who detested the Federalist forces which quickly established their dominance in the government at New York, he insisted upon penetrating behind the surface of veneer of both measures and men. He deplored the whole current of events—Hamilton's financial measures, Washington's support of the funding schemes and the bank, the strengthening of the Federal judiciary. When he retired at the end of the second session, it was with dark forebodings of future popular insurrections to throw off a heavy Federal tyranny. He saw speculation, intrigue, and corruption lurking behind the Administration measures. Respectful toward Washington, he spoke with harsh dislike of Adams, Hamilton, Knox, and even Jefferson.

So pungent a diary, the only record of its kind for the critical days of 1789-1790, should be widely known; yet Maclay has undoubtedly been more quoted than read. It is well to have a comparatively inexpensive reprint of the edition of 1890, and to have it prefaced by Dr. Beard's sympathetic yet not undiscriminating essay. To the ordinary layman, Maclay's remarks upon the measures before Congress, such as the assumption of State debts, will be of less interest than his characterization of personages still of familiar interest to every schoolboy. One great name after another is hit off with keen if sometimes ill-natured description. John Adams, "His Rotundity," smirking conceitedly in the Vice-President's chair; Hamilton, with his "very boyish, giddy manner;" the cadaverous Elbridge Gerry, delivering his speech in a series "of hectic lines and consumptive coughs;" Clymer, Pierce Butler, Carroll of Carrollton—most of the members of the Senate are here. What a pity that nearly all of the page describing

(Continued on next page)

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Mr. Sayler's reviews will appear from time to time. They will be based upon a reading of the play in script and a judgment of its presentation in the theatre. He will discuss only those plays of intrinsic literary value.

The following will be reviewed in the near future:

Burlesque by Watters and Hopkins
The Letter by Somerset Maugham
" " by John Galsworthy
" " by Louis Bromfield

The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Washington, with his "slow motions," his "lax appearance," his pale complexion," "his voice hollow and indistinct, owing as I believe to artificial teeth before his upper jaw," was torn from the ms. diary and lost. Yet Washington appears again and again, and the descriptions of his visit to the Senate with the Indian treaties, his discourteous reception, and his anger, is one of the best bits of its kind in all American political literature.

This volume is an addition—the twenty-fifth title—to the American Library, and it is just the sort of book to which this excellent series should give prominence.

CERTAIN RICH MEN. By *Meade Minnigerode.* Putnam. $3.50.

LINCOLN AND THE RAILROADS. By *John W. Starr, Jr.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

ANATOLE FRANCE THE PARISIAN. By *Herbert Leslie Stewart.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM MACLAY. A. & C. Boni. $4.

Education

INTRODUCTION TO WORLD GEOGRAPHY. By *Philip A. Knowlton.* Macmillan.

EDUCATIONAL YEAR BOOK OF THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TEACHERS' COLLEGE. 1926. Edited by *I. L. Kandel.* Macmillan.

LATIN WRITINGS OF THE ITALIAN HUMANISTS. Selected by *Florence Alden Gragg.* Scribners. $2.50.

Fiction

NEIGHBORS. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON. Holt. 1927. $2.50.

Here is a book that irritates almost equally by what it is and by what it might have been. And whose business is it but mine, says the indignant author, what it might have been? The purchaser's business, for one thing; and it does not seem to this reviewer that the purchaser will get much out of it, except for an admirably manufactured product of the printing industry. The book deals with a young man's speculations as to what life is about, whether anything is worth doing, and if so, what. Once every fifty pages or so there is a good line; the rest sounds like Sherwood Anderson at his favorite pastime of probing the profundities of the superficial and exploring the mysteries of the obvious. Every human being goes through this process of wondering whether to get on or get off; every human being who survives, outside of nervous hospitals, finds a satisfactory answer; and it does not appear to this reviewer that it is any more interesting, as material for a novel, than the equally universal and necessary struggle, at a somewhat earlier age, to regularize the operation of the digestive system.

To make it worse, the narrator's personality is split; by a transparent expedient (the author discloses the secret on the last page, but it must be a dull reader who does not guess it early) his conversations with his friends and his mistress are set down as those of a man on the other side of the wall. Pointless mystification in a story of no consequence—and yet it comes near being redeemed by the mistress, a young dancer named Pam. This girl never appears; all you know of her you learn from her reported conversation; and from this dialogue, which has the lifelike ease and naturalness that life itself hardly ever manages to attain, is built up a coherent and charming character—a wholly delightful, sensible, and courageous girl who, one feels, will be responsible for anything the hero-narrator may ever amount to. A whole story about this Pam would have been first-rate reading; it is an inexplicable mystery why a writer who can turn out such admirable dialogue and build up such an engaging character should choose to waste his time and his talents on the ontology of the obvious.

MR. PANAME. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Doran. 1927. $2.

Mr. Huddleston calls his book, in subtitle, "A Paris Fantasia," and it is that with a vengeance. It is a complicated yarn running from one corner of the city to another with irresponsible celerity, presenting in fictional form a complete guide to the odd and the picturesque, both of old and new Paris. As a matter of course, there is a love theme, subject to many entanglements, and an army of colorful secondary people to fit the backgrounds. There can be no doubt that Mr. Huddleston is a supreme connoisseur in things Parisian. Indeed, it is to be feared that like most experts he knows too much about his subject to hold the attention of the average inexpert human. The detail is often so conscientiously and minutely applied, the local color and argot so painstakingly introduced, that the narrative sinks out of sight. It is too bad that Mr. Huddleston could not be persuaded to concentrate a bit more on his story, and a bit less on his mania for things Parisian, for he shows a nice sense of the absurd, and at times a rare fantastic imagination. A more readable book might have resulted, though the present one may well please the many who make their yearly trip abroad a pilgrimage, and their days in Paris one long gasp of admiration.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST. By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN. Harpers. 1927. $2.

We take little away from a reading of "Chickens Come Home to Roost" except an intensification of our notion that a small country town must be one of the worst possible places to live in. Mrs. Carman shows us a rural community of a few hundred souls in upper New York State. The people have no genuine virtue, but every petty, mean vice of which humanity is capable. They are dulled by poverty, overwork, and stupidity until they die on their feet. Truly an unedifying picture! Our real quarrel is that these characters are unimportant, both to themselves and to us. They serve no literary purpose. They merely existed in Mrs. Carman's mind, and were thought by her worthy of preservation. We see no evidence of their worthiness, however, for "Chickens Come Home to Roost" is not artistic; it does not give, by emphasis and selection, any significance to the essentially trivial. There is a further complaint: the novel is not skilfully written. It impresses us as uninspired and ineffective. Of course, there is much local color, often too much. And we must not forget the Little Lesson at the close: "Sin contracted a mind, and virtue expanded a mind." The exposition of such a truism needs vigor and subtlety.

DETOURS. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

This book scarcely needs a review; it is Octavus Roy Cohen for better or worse, and Octavus Roy Cohen as a short-story writer has ceased to be news. The present volume contains ten stories which have appeared singly in magazines during the past seven years. They concern white folk instead of the author's more usual colored gallery. The most amusing of these tales is that of a lightweight champion who finds the safest, pleasantest, and most remunerative method of defending his title that of strictly adjuring the ring. Stories of the New York docks reveal a watertight caste system prevailing in cargo pilferage—with the cargo guards as *crême de la crême,* longshoremen upper crust, shenanagoes middle class, and wharf rats doing duty as lower orders. A new and interesting short-story field here lies pleasantly before Mr. Cohen if he chooses to exploit it further in the future. "The Case Ace" and "Shadow-Light" let the O. Henry cat out of the bag a little too early, but are, nevertheless, good examples of what can be accomplished by focusing all the psychological interest on only one aspect or relation of the characters dealt with. "Swampshade" and "Interlude" go somewhat deeper into psychology than the others and show what Mr. Cohen might have done if he had not preferred to do something else.

THE PASSIONATE TREE. By BEATRICE SHEEPSHANKS. Harpers. 1927. $2.

Under her curious title the author of "The Passionate Tree" has concealed a comparatively effective story. In the beginning, her heroine, Mary Dale, was that familiar phenomenon in the modern novel, an unwanted child. She progressed from an unhappy childhood to the renunciation of the man she loved (for the sake of his children), with various degrees of awkward and embarrassed unhappiness in between. For her lover was unfortunately married to one of the hardest-hearted and most insensible of wives, who stubbornly refused to allow her husband to put her aside while retaining custody of the children. The cards never seem to fall Mary's way, and one can quite understand her final retirement to rural peace. Perhaps the events of the story, as well as the people of it, are preposterous, but it may be read without pain. It even provides a certain suspense at climactic moments. The style is at once vivid and jerky, yet the latter quality may be forgiven, for it generally evades too much sentiment.

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History

THE HISTORY OF THE FRANKS. By GREGORY OF TOURS. Translated with an Introduction by O. M. Dalton. Oxford University Press. 1927. 2 vols. $15.

Of all the human documents which have reached us from the dark epoch between the fall of the Roman empire in the West and *the time of Charlemagne, none equals in* interest and importance the "Frankish History" of Gregory, who died bishop of Tours in 594. By birth and education its author represented the fast-vanishing Roman tradition, while his official position plunged him in the new Frankish life about him and brought him into close relations with the lay world as well as the clergy. While he begins with Adam and ends with himself, the greater part of his history treats of the events of his own time, and its barbarous Latin reflects the sixth-century mind with naïve fidelity which has charmed many generations of modern readers. Well known in various French versions and editions, the "History" has been accessible in English only in the extracts from Gregory's writings edited by Dr. Ernst Brehaut for the "Records of Civilization," published by Columbia University. A complete and carefully annotated translation has now been made by Mr. Dalton, already known for his version of the "Letters of Sidonius" and his writings on medieval art. An introductory volume gives a useful survey of Merovingian society on the basis of Gregory and the principal modern authorities, thus supplementing the recent posthumous book of Sir Samuel Dill. The strength of this introduction is greater on the ecclesiastical than on the legal side, and its author is plainly more at home with the antiquities of the period than with its manuscripts and charters. He also fails to distinguish sufficiently between the still Roman South and the more Germanized North of Gaul. In spite of such reservations in detail, the two volumes are indispensable for those who wish to study this period in English.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER. By ANDREAS BJERRE. Translated from the Swedish by E. CLASSEN. Longmans, Green. 1927. $3.50.

This is the book for readers who have complained that most of the books about murder are superficial. Dr. Bjerre, a professor of criminal law, made a detailed and careful study of three murderers serving life sentences in Swedish prisons. He has penetrated into "depths and shadows of their lives unknown even to themselves." There will be sceptics to suggest that when psychologists begin plumbing such depths they are apt to bring up from these dark regions matter which they have, more or less innocently, planted there themselves. But as there are those who accept with enthusiasm the long-distance psychoanalyses, performed by literary folk upon persons whom they have never seen, upon persons who died a century ago, we should find no difficulty with Dr. Bjerre's observations, made under more favorable scientific circumstances. At least, Dr. Bjerre knew and talked for long periods with his murderers. If they sometimes deceived him, he usually found them out. There have been books about criminals written by alienists which showed that the criminals had a good time in telling the learned men exactly what they wanted to hear.

MASTER HIGHWAYMEN. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. Macaulay. 1927. $2.50.

These are stories of highwaymen from Claude Duval to Gerald Chapman—although there is not much about Chapman. The narrative is lively and readable, in the manner of Sunday supplements, but in their better manner. In the chapter on "America's Super-Bandit," this reader heard his name for the first time, and indeed Mr. Gollomb says that he is little known today. What was it? Three guesses . . . no, you are all wrong. It was Joaquin Murietta, and Joaquin Miller took the first name for his own.

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Travel

SANDS, PALMS, AND MINARETS. By MADELEINE VERNON. Stokes. 1927. 4.50.

"Great is the smell of the East. Railways, telegraphs, docks, and gun-boats cannot banish it, and it will endure till the railways are dead. He who has not smelt that smell has never lived." Thus Kipling, and who should know better than he. And, though in different style, so speaks Madeleine Vernon who, if Mr. Kipling were to protest she has never seen the real East has, nevertheless, traveled the northern part of Africa from the Gulf of Gabes on the east to Rabat on the Atlantic, a part of the world unmistakably colored by customs and races from the East and most decidedly Eastern in aroma. Though you must not expect to find the magic of Kipling's pen you will find much interesting and profitable reading, for Miss Vernon has covered her territory with *carte blanche* to visit where she willed. The East and all lands touched by the East present a kaleidoscope to both eye and ear. Ever changing, yet ever clinging tenaciously to the past, the East successfully evades any general, all-embracing description. That is the East! And this is the land into which France has begun to work the wonders of which Miss Vernon tells in considerable detail and with evident pride. Already French enterprise has brought peace, industry, scientific agriculture, and fruit growing, and an educational system for the native populations. Perhaps "Sands, Palms, and Minarets" is a bit too eulogistic to be entirely convincing, leaving as it does the feeling there must be another side not quite so sunny to the picture of the activity of the French protectorate in North Africa, but it is interesting and good reading.

LONDON: A Comprehensive Survey under Streets in Alphabetical Order. By GEORGE H. CUNNINGHAM. Dutton. 1927.

The title describes this book of nearly nine hundred pages—a What's What of London most interesting to the visitor and resident and useful to the writer and scholar. Here is assembled all useful information about streets and houses and who has lived in them, which is sometimes important to have and always interesting. Of course the main "sights" are all recorded, but the novelty here is the scope of the book. The little streets have their veins as well as the big ones. This is an encyclopedia of London not a Baedeker. It should be welcomed by libraries, and will please many an occasional resident in London who will discover that his lodgings were upon historic ground.

SOCIAL CURRENTS IN JAPAN. With special reference to Newspapers. By HARRY EMERSON WILDES. University of Chicago Press. 1927.

Gradually to all interested in the recreation of Asia and especially of Japan, the once hidden interior forces are being revealed. One of the mightiest, as reaching both the depths and the surface of the national life in Japan, was and is journalism. Moreover, coming at a time when through the outburst of long-continuing interior currents of recreating power, the nation was made ready for social and political transformation, journalism in Japan had an amazingly rapid development. The writer of this review being in Japan in the early seventies, and knowing personally Heco the Japanese, Brooke the veteran journalist, Howell, and Captain Brinckley, can bear witness to the accuracy as well as the fulness and vividness of Mr. Wildes's conspectus and critiques. Here is a well annotated and indexed volume, correct in its statements, while fair in its criticisms. To the student of Japanese psychology it has a special value as showing how the natives, educated and uneducated, reacted under the constant stream of the foreigners' criticism to which they were exposed. It is certain that after the initial keen sensitiveness and protest, they reacted in a way that has developed them wonderfully. After the curry comb and handbrush, the shining hide and beauty! The Japanese have profited in virtues and advanced in morals. The horrors and feudal evils of a half century ago have disappeared. At least, that is the critics' judgment after revisiting Japan fifty-three years after first leaving it. Altogether this book is a very creditable piece of research by the former American professor in Japan and invaluable as a work of reference concerning a newly opened field of development in the Far East.

LIFE AND LAUGHTER 'MIDST THE CANNIBALS. By *Clifford W. Collinson.* Dutton. $5.

FLORENCE. By *John C. Van Dyke.* Scribners. $1.50.

TO THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW. By *Clyde Kluckhohn.* Century. $3.50.

AFTER YOU, MAGELLAN! By *James F. Leys.* Century. $4.

GREECE OLD AND NEW. By *Ashley Brown.* Dodd, Mead. $5.

EXCURSIONS AND SOME ADVENTURES. By *Ett. Close.* Dial.

TURNPIKES AND DIRT ROADS. By *Leighton Parks.* Scribners. $3.

WATERWAYS OF WESTWARD WANDERINGS. By *Lewis R. Freeman.* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

OASIS AND SIMOON. By *Ferdinand Ossendowski.* Dutton. $3.

SANDS, PALMS AND MINARETS. By *Madeleine Vernon.* Stokes.

OLD ENGLISH MILLS AND INNS. By *R. Thurston Hopkins.* Stokes. $4.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

CLUBS in Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri ask for a choice of new novels to review. At this writing my admiration is centered upon "Gallions Reach," by H. M. Tomlinson (Harper); "Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather (Knopf); "Dusty Answer," a pathetically young and wide-eyed novel by Rosamund Lehmann (Holt) that somehow keeps troubling after it is read; "The Love-Child," a psychological fantasy by Edith Olivier (Viking), and Mr. Wells's "Meanwhile" (Doran). I have had a great time with Margaret Irwin's new story "Knock Four Times" (Harcourt, Brace), not only because I happen to have some slight acquaintance with Redcliffe Road, the "Rainbow Road" of the story, a locality so much like our own Greenwich Village that it scarce seems to be in London. This story concerns an author who may have been Michael Arlen; anyway, he must have given her the starting point for him, and the tale is one that keeps you reading. Also I have followed with amazement and amusement the political novel "God Got One Vote," by Frederick Brennan (Simon & Shuster); it is a city boss's life-story, cheerful and matter-of-fact, up-to-date and unperturbed.

I have told at least ten widely scattered study clubs by mail that the most important non-fiction book for them to study at present is in my opinion André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace), and that if they will take it by sections and illustrate with contemporary novels they will have an unusual and certainly provocative season. Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan) should also be on such a reading-list, and somewhere along the line should be found "The Art of Thought," by Graham Wallas (Harcourt, Brace), for this book opens the eyes to the fact that we have gained more control over things and less over our own reasoning processes than ever in the history of mankind.

C. C. M., New York, asks for books on the appreciation of works of art, for a beginner who is not a child.

"HOW to Study Pictures," by J. Littlejohns, R. B. A. (Macmillan), is one of the beautiful illustrated books for which the house of A. & C. Black is famous; it selects eight celebrated paintings in the National Gallery, the Louvre, and the Prado, reproduces them in colors, large enough to give an excellent idea of their appearance, and discusses them as if standing before them in the gallery, making little sketches now and then—over forty in all—to bring out special points. This book impresses me as most apt to give a beginner a taste for going further in an appreciation of technical points, without being itself in technical terms. "The Approach to Painting," by Thomas Bodkin (Harcourt, Brace), a trustee of the National Gallery of Ireland, might be used by those who so often ask me for books "to take the place of a college education"—not that this is a college text, but it approaches the subject in that spirit. It gives you, indeed, your choice of several methods of approach, according to temperament: philosophical, analytical, technical, casual, or by siege. This is followed by discussions of twenty famous pictures from Giotto to Manet, entertainingly described and shown in photograph. "Landmarks in Nineteenth Century Painting," by Clive Bell (Harcourt, Brace), goes on from where this leaves off, at least with little overlap, for it ranges from David to Cézanne—the student can go on from here with Mr. Bell's earlier work, "Since Cézanne" (Harcourt, Brace). One accustomed to the brilliant flings at mediocrity that diversify the opinions of this critic, will find them in this volume, but somewhat gentler; he may rout the Pre-Raphaelites, for instance, but he grants them the honors of war. Indeed, his highest bounces are when he steps on a subject off his path, such as the legitimacy of Louis Napoleon or the reminiscences of George Moore. This book too has pictures. There is a new book by Bell's opponent, R. H. Wilenski, "The Modern Movement in Art" (Stokes), which will help make it clear to one brought up in the old school. Whatever beginning book you choose, get "Art Through the Ages," by Helen Gardner (Harcourt, Brace), the best one-volume popular history of art that I know. It stretches from the earliest times to the present day and covers all countries, yet preserves an appearance of depth; one gets from it the comforting assurance of sincerity as well as of accuracy. There are any number of small but very clear pictures, so arranged that you do not need to turn over pages to get at them. I have just found that the pictures in any of the histories of art that scatter small photographic illustrations freely through their text are brought out beautifully with an ordinary reading-glass such as costs a quarter anywhere; besides enlarging, they take on a relief something like that given by the obsolescent stereoscope. I do not say obsolete for it is still in use in the happy village from which I have just returned—and next to a kaleidoscope, I know of no neater magic.

W. R., Detroit, Mich., asks for books for a girl between twelve and fifteen.

I MUST keep in this reply to the new ones just coming in: among these there are some unusually good stories. If you want a volume of them selected by real girls, "Girl Scout Stories" (Doran), the second collection chosen from the columns of the Girl Scout Magazine, *The American Girl*, will be a safe and satisfactory choice. These are of the various types beloved of the 'teens—mystery, school, romance, sport, and the rest—genuine and up-to-date enough to make the material for future history. The pictures are excellent, and the whole volume a good gift for a girl, whether scout or not.

"Raquel of the Ranch Country," by Alida Sims Malkus (Harcourt, Brace), is to girls' stories what the work of half-a-dozen specialists in cowboy literature is to stories for grown-ups. If there have been cow-girl tales for young readers I have never found them; this is evidently a book out of experience, and the plot, while sufficiently thrilling, is not at all bookish. It opens in a boarding-school but fortunately breaks out soon. "Ship of Dreams," by Edith Ballinger Price (Century), is another unusual outdoor story for girls: the central figure is a boy who sails on what is meant to be a quiet trip to Africa to pick up a cargo of ivory, but there are enemies on board who blow up the ship, and the rest of the tale takes place in the ivory country, rescuing people and getting into trouble. I would have liked this when I was fifteen. "Janny," by Jane Abbott (Lippincott), will be taken gladly by a young public to whom Mrs. Abbott wears the mantle of Louisa Alcott. This book is Alcottish in plot; a girl from Painted Post comes to live with a rich uncle's family in New York, not without snubs; misfortune, however, does for them what it did for the family visited by the old-fashioned Polly in the seventies or was it the eighties? There is a pleasant home-flavor about "The Real Reward," by Christine Whiting Parmenter (Little Brown), which opens with a wedding in a New Hampshire village, attended by a pair of twins belonging to a large and amusing family group. A diamond necklace is missed from the presents, but the solution of the mystery is not what it is in grown-up tales of this sort. The mystery story for young readers, by the way, is developing a tradition of its own, and Augusta Huiell Seaman is one of its prophets. The Century Co. publish her books. "The Tartar Princess," by the Russian writer most popular with girls in this country, L. A. Charskaya (Holt), is the third in a series that began with "Little Princess Nina," and as rattledy-bang as the others; it opens by throwing her down a cliff and into the arms of a posse of bandits. Nevertheless it is not cheap stuff; the adventures are no more than a young lady in this part of the world—the Caucasus Mountains—may expect if she will go riding alone "possessed of all the charms of that type only to be found in the Lezgin auls of the Daghestan Mountains." "Soapsuds' Last Year," by Ethel C. Bridgman (Century), is an amusing school story, and Earl R. Silver's, "Carol at Highland Camp," (Appleton), a conventional summer-camp story of a snob's reform, interesting to girls who go to camp. "Pansy" (Mrs. Isabella Alden) now in her eighties, has written a new book, "The Fortunate Calamity" (Lippincott), the catastrophe being an old aunt who turns out much better than expected. It is a gentle and pleasant story, with the Christian virtues given a chance. "Downright Dencey," by Caroline Snedeker (Doubleday, Page), is about a Quaker girl in old Nantucket; every lover of the island, young or old, will be charmed with it, and Dencey is a real addition to our young heroines.

The Isabel Carleton books, by Margaret Ashmun (Macmillan), have been given a new dress, and now appear with a convincing portrait of the heroine on the jacket: "Isabel Carleton's Year," "The Heart of Isabel Carleton," "Isabel Carleton's Friends," "Isabel Carleton in the West," and "Isabel Carleton at Home." These go from the last year in high school through college to the settling-down period; they are not to be confused with "series-books" in general, being of a much better quality. This may be because Margaret Ashmun's novels for adults have power and weight—see, for example, "The Lake" and "Pa." Sophia Cleugh writes about crinoline days convincingly; now she has taken to French history and manages to produce a perfectly respectable romance of the time of Louis XIV—unless an abduction at the altar be regarded as irregular. This occurs in "Jeanne Margot" (Macmillan) the story of a goose-girl who went to Mme. de Maintenon's St. Cyr and then to court.

These are all for the fifteen-year edge of this request: I do not know where to put Laura Spencer Portor's "The Little Long Ago" (Dutton), or indeed whether it should be called a child's book at all. But remembering that the stories I loved best were those that began "when I was a little girl," and that my own childhood, thus told to my daughter, was always in active demand, I think Mrs. Portor's exquisite remembrance of a happy childhood would make valued reading-aloud even to little children. It is a comfort to come upon one writer who has no grouch against either her family or her home—come to think of it, I have found two this year, the other being the anonymous author of "The House Made with Hands" (Bobbs-Merrill), who also wrote "Miss Tiverton." The latest (though in England earliest) novel is so charming that I cannot see why the writer insists on keeping under cover—unless indeed she thinks it too hopelessly old-fashioned to remember one's parents with admiration.

(*Continued on page* 187)

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BIOGRAPHY still flourishes luxuriously, particularly the life histories of great and gaudy Americans of the past. This Fall, among others, we have with us *Commodore Vanderbilt, Boss Tweed, Henry Ward Beecher.* And among great literary figures of the world's past we note new studies of rare *Ben Jonson, Villon,* and *Heinrich Heine. Lewis Browne,* who lately analyzed world religions for us, writes on the last-named. From gossip about his book we cull two remarkable remarks of Heine. The first was with reference to meeting *Goethe* at last. Heine had long planned what "sublime and profound things" he would say to the older poet should they ever meet. "But when at length I did see him," he avers, "I could only say that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very good." Again, from a sick-bed, he said to a visitor, "Ah, you find me now utterly stupid!" "Ill, you mean," the other suggested. "No, stupid," the invalid insisted. "You see, Alexandre Weill was just here, and we exchanged ideas!" . . .

"Count Ten" is a novel of contrasts by a new writer, *Mildred Evans Gilman.* It is published by Boni & Liveright. We hear good things of it. And a younger sister of the eminent poet, *Edna St. Vincent Millay,* viz. *Kathleen Millay,* is the author of a first book of poems published by the same firm. "The Evergreen Tree" is its title. . . .

Judge Lindsey's new book on "The Companionate Marriage" is sure to cause a great deal of discussion. *Havelock Ellis* says of it, "Nothing could be more reasonable or more moderate, and it is absurd to suppose there is anything revolutionary or immoral in the proposal. On the contrary, I do not know who is today doing better work as a moralist than you are." We certainly agree with Mr. Ellis. Judge Ben B. Lindsey is one of our heroes, and his present book is as full of superb common-sense as its predecessor, "The Revolt of Modern Youth." . . .

Our old friend, *Frank Shay,* dubbed by *Christopher Morley* the Blue-Eyed Bookseller, has just added to his achievements as a compiler a volume that has knocked our eye out. "Pious Friends and Drunken Companions," brought out by Macaulay and copiously illustrated by *John Held, Jr.'s* intensely moving wood-cuts, contains most of the best classic ballads meet for convivial gatherings. They are of all kinds, and they are nearly all of the best vintage. Another old friend, *Charles J. Finger,* who has produced much fine literature in the last few years, now furnishes us with "Frontier Ballads" (Doubleday). In this case the woodcut illustrator of same is a very different sort of master from John Held, being *Paul Honoré,* who has illustrated some of Finger's former works. Finger incorporates the songs he has gathered together in a running narrative descriptive of the environments in which the songs were first heard and of the odd characters that sang them. Finger is one of the few fortunate adventurers who has knocked around in many odd corners of the world and is yet able to bring the true romantic touch to his reminiscences. . . .

"Transition," *Will Durant's* new Mental Autobiography, was actually written *before* "The Story of Philosophy," but in view of the widespread interest in the latter its publication was delayed for more than a year and a half. We have found "Transition" quite absorbing, especially for Durant's experiences in his effort to reconcile (to himself) the Catholic Church and Socialism, and his later experiences with anarchists. . . .

Jo Auslander writes us that he, too, has ridden on the 20th Century and observed the loveliness of a little haughty lady in the Observation Car. But he sat down to the typewriter in the Club Car, actually inserted a sheet of paper, and commenced a sonnet,—being rudely interrupted by "a fellah in a blue cap and a black voice." He continues:

I was half way through the next car—it was named *Eau de Pinaud,* I believe, or something like that—when I heard a terrific snort, followed by a filthy guffaw. I had left that piece of paper in that typewriter!

Bobbs-Merrill have brought out *Bob Nathan's* latest, "The Wood-Cutter's House." Robert Nathan is a contemporary whose work has always impressed us as possessing unusual distinction. He is one of the few American writers of the day who has a style. . . .

We have had two mysterious communications from Dido's Cave, wherever that is, the first quite evidently from Dido herself, the second from a kindred mouse writing to *O'Reilley.* The mouse is named *Hank* and it seems that he recently attended the big fight at Soldiers' Field, Chicago. He says in part:

You heard about this bobbing and weaving business, didn't you? You take it from me, O'Reilley, it's just the cat's tactics, that's all it is. The whole shooting-match is just a pussy-foot purrrrsuit: great paws knocking you out with a quick one-two to the body; a long hook to the jaw; left, right, left; a final uppercut in the middle section, and there you are.

One *Lew Ney* has been directing the First National Poetry Exhibition as he calls it down at 30 East 12th Street. Two months ago, he says, "we started pinning poems on my studio wall in answer to a letter published in the *Times.*" His studio became the rendezvous for poets from Brooklyn, Mount Vernon, Connecticut, Detroit, Dallas, Englewood, etc. But each poem entered in the exhibition hereafter must be accompanied by ten cents, as one man tried to leave 3,000 poems! "This stops the guinea-pig variety and gives mere human beings a chance."

When a poem is received it is pasted in a scrapbook. Visitors (who may go to the studio any time of day after ten A. M.) read these poems and endorse those they like. Five endorsements give the poem a number and a place in another book-like scrapbook where all the poems are uniformly typed. Twenty-five endorsements in this scrapbook from heterogeneous readers make the poem eligible to be printed in our "primary" anthology. As soon as enough poems have been endorsed for the publication of 32 tabloid pages of "primary" anthology (a booklet like the *New York Times Book Review* section) the collection will go to press.

Donald F. Rose, of Bryn Athyn, Pa., has sent us his book "Stuff and Nonsense: A Manual of Unimportances for the Middlebrows." Sometime ago we reprinted his "An Histological Tragedy," an unusually clever piece of light verse from his magazine *Stuff and Nonsense.* We find it again in this gathering-together of his best pieces, as well as other "Pedagogical Perplexities," one verse of one of which we desire to acquaint you with. It seems timely:

Some sing the joys of liquor alcoholic,
Of champagne dry,
Of Scotch and rye!
Some sing of pleasures urban or bucolic,
But not so I!

I sing of deeds and duties pedagogic,
That teachers do,
And students rue;
Of Greek and Latin, Rhetoric and Logic,
And Physics too!

Hearken, hearken! Schoolbells sound afar!
Hasten, hasten! Speed the rattling car!
Curriculum, curricula! Curriculum, curricula!
Schoolbells sound afar! Curriculum, curricula!

A note from O'Reilley; he has started across England. This arrived, scrawled on a postal-card, just about an hour ago:

Phoenician: Have entered the circus business. After leaving Southampton I met up with the Alfred J. Bartlett Touring Entertainments forging along with their red vans through the New Forest. Flying Dragons. Firm of Established Reputation. Universal Attractions. They are featuring me as only American Literary Mouse in Captivity. Think I will stay with the show business till winter sets in. Love to Jim Tully!

O'REILLEY.

We sweep our chapeau to earth in honor of the new consolidation of Doubleday, Page and Company and the George H. Doran Company. It looks almost like a lively book trust! . . .

Lincoln MacVeagh of the Dial Press is to bring out a volume of the poems of *Theodore Maynard* in the Spring. Theodore is now residing in Leonia, New Jersey. . . .

Miss A. Page Cooper asks us what book we would give for Christmas to a—but, no, we mustn't betray that secret. We are still trying to think up something. . . .

David Lamson, of the Stanford University Press, has earned our thanks for a very pleasant letter. We wish we had known about him when we were for an afternoon in Palo Alto. He understood that we were born in a small California town. No; but we lived in one awhile, years ago. It was Benicia. But we are not the original Benicia Boy. Our real name is not Heenan. . . .

Mr. Lamson asks us, "Did you pick prunes when you were a kid—at five cents a box? And how are you on cutting apricots?" The answer to the first is alas, no; to the second, our apricot-cutting is simply terrible. . . .

But here's to the Stanford University Press!

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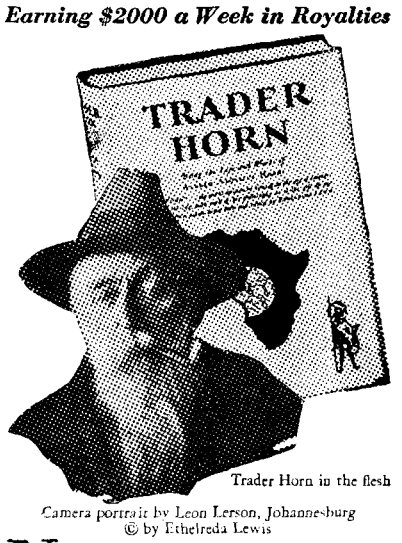

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AUCTION SEASON OPENS

THE first book sale of the season in this city was held at the Walpole Galleries on September 29, when association items from the library of Bayard Taylor, incunabula, and early printing, books, autographs, and pamphlets of the Revolutionary War period, Confederate imprints, and desirable miscellaneous books were sold. The attendance was fair and prices satisfactory.

The first sale at the Anderson Galleries this season was held on October 4th, when modern first editions, publications of the Nonesuch Press, standard sets, and choice miscellaneous material, consignments from the libraries of Henry G. Diefenbach of this city, Mrs. James F. Kavanagh of Brooklyn, and Mrs. L. M. Christesen of Jamaica Plains, Mass., with additions, were sold. This sale contained some interesting items, some of the most significant of which will be given next week.

Stan V. Henkels, of Philadelphia, will open his season on October 11, with the sale of an important collection of autograph letters, chiefly relating to the Jay Treaty, and other historical documents, being the collection of Henry D. Gilpin, Attorney General of the United States in Van Buren's administration. The letters include those of Presidents of the United States, signers of the Declaration of Independence, statesmen of the early years of the Republic, many fine letters of literary importance, including fine letters of Thackeray and Dickens.

The auction season is opening a little earlier than usual, and, although general announcements are not yet ready, there is sufficient information at hand to indicate that it will be an important one.

VOLUME OF LINCOLN LETTERS

IN 1923 the Charles McLellan collection of Lincoln letters and documents was presented to Brown University by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., containing fifty letters, twenty-five legal cases, nineteen commissions signed in full, and thirty-eight endorsements, notes, signatures, etc. Many of these were included in Gilbert A. Tracy's "Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln." In the summer of 1926 a remarkable collection of 485 letters sent to generals, governors, personal friends, and others, not by mail, but over the telegraph wires, was offered for sale. These had apparently been saved by some one in the telegraph office when they were no longer needed for the official file, and carefully pasted into two large invoice books. Friends of Brown University, including Mr. Rockefeller, purchased the collection and added it to the McLellan collection, making it one of the most important in its field.

A new volume entitled, "McLellan Lincoln Collection Publication 1. Lincoln Letters hitherto unpublished in the Library of Brown University and Other Providence Libraries," has been published by the Library of Brown University. This volume is the unpublished portion of the letters previously in the collection and of those added in 1926. In the appendix are the five Lincoln letters contained in the Annmary Brown Memorial and one from the Rhode Island Historical Society, as well as the commissions and legal papers referred to. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Lincoln from the original negative in the collection. The photograph was taken in the Gardners Studio, Washington. Under date of August 9, 1863, John Hay wrote as follows in his diary concerning this photograph: "This being Sunday and a fine day I went down with the President to have his picture taken at Gardners. He was in very good spirits."

Harry L. Koopman, librarian of Brown University, has contributed an introductory note to this volume of letters. He states that about twenty of the letters here given have never been published. Miss Tarbell and others, who had already published the greater part of the material in the collection, used the telegrams as received by the persons to whom they were sent, while those in the collection are the original manuscripts used in the telegraph office. Mr. Koopman says:

"In most cases the manuscript is in Lincoln's handwriting. Exceptions are noted as regards the letters here printed. Sometimes John Hay or another secretary wrote the letter and Lincoln signed it. In some cases Hay also wrote the signature, making it look so much like Lincoln's own handwriting that careful study is necessary to detect the difference. In the case of a telegram this was perfectly legitimate. In one case Lincoln wrote out the body of the letter and Stanton signed it. Of course the telegrams received at the other end of the wire could not show this, and so without the manuscript the true authorship of the letter would never be known."

These Lincoln letters form an interesting and valuable series, and their publication adds an important item to Lincolniana which students and collectors will welcome.

CHOOSING A TITLE

AN unpublished letter of Joseph Conrad written to his publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., tells for the first time about his choosing a title for "The Arrow of Gold":

"The title of the book is another point on which I can give you no information. It was like this with 'Victory.' I didn't hit upon that title until the very end and the word itself was the very last written of all the manuscript. I had thought of many titles before, but I am very glad I waited for what, you cannot deny, was a true inspiration. And thus it is in this case. Lots of titles pass through my head (in my idle moments which are few), but not one of them gives me the exact feeling of rightness. If it had been a book in French I believe it would have been called 'L'Amie du Roi,' but as in English the gender is not indicated by the termination ('The Friend of the King'), I can't very well do that. People would think perhaps of a friend with a great beard, and that would be a great mistake. The title of 'The Goatherd,' which would have been possible, too, is open to the same objection. They would be both a little misleading because the connection of the story both with goats and kings is very slender. 'Two Sisters' would be a title much more related to the facts but I don't like it. It is too precise and also too commonplace. On the other hand, 'Mme. de Lastaola' is foreign in appearance, besides being pretentious. 'The Heiress,' which is closest to the facts, would be most misleading of all; and it is also very unimaginative and stupid. We must wait for the title to come by itself."

A SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE London *Times*, in its "Notes on Sales" calls attention to the first bibliography of Shakespeare printed just a hundred years ago. This took the form of a very modest "Catalogue of all the Books, Pamphlets, &c., relating to Shakespeare," printed by a London bookseller, John Wilson, Great May's Building, St. Martin's Lane. Up to the time of this catalogue Wilson could enumerate only some 204 books and pamphlets which had appeared concerning Shakespeare, the earliest two being "The Tragedies of the Last Age," 1692, and "A Short View of Tragedy," 1693, both by Rymer. An interesting feature of this catalogue now are the prices which up to that time, that is 1827, had been paid for Shakespeare Folios and Quartos. The prices were for a long time, even after Wilson's book appeared, more or less fluctuating. A good copy of the First Folio, 1623, reached £100 at the Roxburghe sale in 1812, and a few years later that figure had been bettered by a few pounds—in 1818 the record stood 116 guineas. Very few of the copies mentioned by Wilson were in perfect condition. The Second Folio, 1632, varies up to 18 guineas, the price paid for George Stevens's copy, which had belonged to Charles I while Colonel Stanley's remarkably fine copy, bound in russia by Roger Payne, only brought 12½ guineas. The Roxburghe Third Folio, 1663, brought £35, while Dent's, with many manuscript emendations chiefly in an ancient hand, coeval with the date of the edition, reached 62 guineas; but these prices were exceptional for exceptional copies. No example of the Fourth Folio, 1685, had reached £10.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 185)

G. E. L., New York, asks if there is an edition of Heine's poems with German and English on alternate pages, like the Loeb Classics.

SO far as I know, there are no interlinear or opposite-page translations of Heine, nor of any German works—I have been asked for them several times. There is an English translation of 325 verses, "Poems of Heinrich Heine," beautifully done by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, new edition), and the "Complete Poetical Works," translated by C. G. Leland, are in twelve volumes (Dutton). The "Life of Heinrich Heine," by William Sharp (Scribner), includes a bibliography.

A new biography, to be called "That Man Heine," is promised for this Fall from Macmillan; it is by Lewis Browne, author of "This Believing World."

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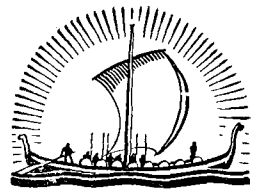

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